The SIGN

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National Catholic Magazine



Why the Lend-Lease Bill? ... John [illegible] O'Brien

Two Famous Plays ... Robert [illegible] Speaight

One of Those Happenings ... James [illegible] Connolly

English Catholics and the War ... Christopher Hollis

Philosophy in Current Fiction ... John S. Kennedy

February 1941

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Is The Catholic Press Limited To "Saving The Saved"?

If It Is, Then What Is The Solution Of This Problem?

See the Editorial on Page 387

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Cover Drawing "Christ in the Factory" by Mario Barberis



Personal MENTION



Rev. John F. Cronin

• FOR VERSATILITY our nomination goes to ROBERT SPEAIGHT. A graduate of Oxford University, novelist, historian, lecturer, and actor, he is perhaps best known as the original Thomas à Becket in Eliot's famous play, *Murder in the Cathedral,* and also for his interpretation of one of the leading parts of *Journey's End,* the successful war play of a few years ago.

In the article which he has written for this issue of THE SIGN, *Two Famous Plays,* Mr. Speaight gives us some interesting glimpses of the play from the other side of the footlights.

• THE REV. JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S., author and teacher, is no stranger to the pages of THE SIGN. He continues this month his discussion of the lessons America can and should learn from the experiences of the warring European nations. *Hope Long Deferred,* like Father Cronin's preceding contributions, evidences serious consideration and balanced judgment and is bound to provoke some deep thinking among our readers.

• THE REV. JOHN S. KENNEDY's previous articles on current books have been received with great praise by our readers. In this issue he analyzes with his usual clear sight and balance the philosophical trends in the modern novel.



Rev. John S. Kennedy

A graduate of Catholic University with B.A. and M.A. degrees in philosophy, Father Kennedy is now a very busy person. Besides being associate editor of the *Catholic Transcript* of Hartford, Conn., and literary editor of *The Epistle,* he is also chaplain and instructor in religion at Mt. St. Joseph's Academy in Hartford. Busy as he is, Father Kennedy still manages to find time to write pamphlets, book reviews, and articles for THE SIGN and other publications.

• THE NAME of JAMES B. CONNOLLY is practically synonymous with Gloucester. For years his gifted pen has celebrated the lives and heroism of the men "who go down to the sea in ships." In "One of Those Happenings," on Page 394, THE SIGN brings to his many followers another saga of the sea in the inimitable style of Mr. Connolly.

• A STUDENT pays tribute to her teacher. MARGARET WHITEHEAD's article, *Dean O'Sullivan's Dream,* is just that. An earnest student of journalism, she fell under the guidance of Dean O'Sullivan and here gives us a glimpse of the man and his outstanding work for Catholic journalism.

Armed with a B.A. from Mt. St. Joseph's-on-the-Ohio, Miss Whitehead did graduate work in journalism at Marquette University where she gained her Master's degree. And since then, she assures us, she has been engaged in advertising by day, publicity by night, and free-lancing by midnight.



Robert Speaight

• THE BIG bone of contention right now is the Lend-Lease Bill currently being considered by Congress. JOHN C. O'BRIEN, qualified for the task by many years of reporting the news, interprets and analyzes the Bill for the readers of THE SIGN.

• WHAT will be the effect of the war on English Catholicity? The answer to this question is given by one of England's foremost historians, CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS. In his article entitled, *English Catholics and the War,* Mr. Hollis offers a serious analysis of the present and future of English Catholicity.

• F. BOURGEOIS RUSSELL returns to our pages with another fine short story. A native of Tucson, Arizona, she traces her ancestry back to New Orleans Catholic Creole stock on the maternal side and to New England Quaker stock on the paternal. With such a background literature was almost a fore-ordained vocation.

EDITORIAL

"Saving the Saved"



THE accusation is often made that the Catholic press is engaged in the futile task of "saving the saved." What is meant, of course, is that it is read by devout Catholics who have no need of it. Although this accusation is false, for the very good reason that all Catholics, devout or otherwise, have need of the Catholic press, nevertheless it contains an element of truth. We must admit that at least a large percentage of the readers of Catholic publications are those devout and stalwart Catholics who need them least, and that those who have the greatest need of the Catholic press do not read it, and often seem entirely unaware of its existence.

We are all familiar with this latter class. It includes lax and indifferent Catholics; ignorant Catholics—many of whom are well-informed on various subjects but not on their religion; "liberal" Catholics—those who assume a weak-kneed and apologetic attitude toward critics of the Church; Catholics who do not know that there are such things as interesting, attractive, diversified, and intelligent Catholic publications.

Then, too, there are innumerable non-Catholics who would be benefited by reading an alert and intelligent Catholic publication. Non-Catholics who are favorably inclined toward the Church, for whom the Catholic Church has a definite appeal, but who are not yet at a point where they would seek instruction from a priest, might receive from reading a Catholic periodical the light they need to clear away the final doubts and misapprehensions that hold them back. Prejudiced non-Catholics might learn enough about the Church from the Catholic press to realize that their attitude toward it is born of igorance.

There are numerous institutions, too, where there is great need of Catholic periodicals. In such cases the good accomplished is multiplied many times because the publication is seen and read by a considerable number—often by many who would otherwise never come in contact with Catholic thought. Such places are public libraries, colleges and schools, hospitals, waiting rooms of professional men, editorial offices of secular newspapers, and prisons. Prisoners are often avid readers and, judging by requests received here at the office of THE SIGN, dozens of copies would be read and passed along in our large prisons.

Among all those listed above there is a real and urgent need of the Catholic press. Yet it does not reach them. The remedy for this situation lies with the readers of Catholic periodicals rather than with the publishers. You, the readers, have it within your power to bring the Catholic press, with all its benefits, to at least a large number of those people who have so great a need of it.

You will find that there are two possible courses of action to accomplish this worthy purpose. One is to convince a person of his need of a Catholic magazine or paper and to persuade him to subscribe. The other is to subscribe for him—with or without his knowledge—when it is impossible to persuade him to do so, or it is not feasible to approach him. The latter course would be the only one possible in the case of an institution.

February has been set aside especially as Catholic Press Month. During this month dedicated to the Catholic press, we make a very special request of our readers. We ask each one of you to obtain or to donate one subscription to THE SIGN. We ask that you persuade one person to subscribe, or that you send in one subscription for an individual or an institution.

We believe THE SIGN to be admirably suited to the plan proposed. It is not pietistical. It will be a delightful surprise to many readers who think that a Catholic publication must be a prayer book or a book of sermons. Thumb through this issue—or any issue of THE SIGN—and you will find not only articles on religious subjects but many of general interest, such as those on national and international problems. You will find short stories by masters of the art of fiction writing; instructions on religious questions in the Sign-Post; reviews of plays and movies as well as of books; editorials; reports from the Missions in China; and various other interesting, timely, and instructive features. No labor or expense has been spared in order to present this matter in the most attractive manner.

If each of our readers would secure or donate one subscription, it would mean a vast increase in the good accomplished by THE SIGN not only in the field of Catholic literature but in the mission field as well, for THE SIGN is devoted to the double purpose of promoting Catholic literature and of supporting missionaries who are bringing the light of faith to the pagan Chinese. In both fields we are accomplishing much good, but in both the possibilities are so great that we appeal for the co-operation of our readers.

Father Urophane Maguire C.P.



Current FACT AND COMMENT

THAT American sentiment is wholeheartedly against military intervention in the wars going on in Europe and the Far East, there can be no doubt. But at that point agreement ceases. A tug-of-war is going on both in and out of Congress, between those who favor a neutrality more or less strictly interpreted, and those who favor help short of war for the democracies. The arguments between the two groups have produced considerable heat as well as light. The strange thing is that the advocates of both policies have the same end in view—to keep America at peace. The means by which they would accomplish this purpose, however, differ radically.

Neutrality and Peace

At the present time there does not appear to be any broad, smooth, and easily discernible road to peace. Whatever road we take is beset with the danger of war. The goal we are all seeking is peace, but the path that leads to that happy destination is not certain. Peace is not to be had for the asking, nor is it a commodity which we can buy. We hear and read much about it these days, but underlying much that is said and written lies the false assumption that the desire for peace is sufficient in itself to secure peace. It is one of the requisites, to be sure, but it is not enough in itself. Would that it were!

As a matter of fact, no policy that we could pursue would be free from the danger of war. The danger of following the course advocated by the isolationists is that if England is defeated we shall find ourselves standing alone against the combined forces of Germany, Italy, and Japan. The spokesmen of these countries have made no effort to conceal their hatred of us. They lump us together with England as a plutocratic democracy and an enemy of their new world order. With England down, we would be the last obstacle in their road to world domination. They would look with greedy eyes on our inexhaustible resources as a means of rebuilding their own war-torn countries. Furthermore, if a strict neutrality would keep us from war, why did it not produce the same happy effect for Czechoslovakia, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and Greece? The trouble is that we are living in a world of international brigands who are concerned with international law and international agreements only when they work to their own advantage. As the President very well said: "When the dictators—if the dictators—are ready to make war upon us, they will not wait for an act of war on our part. They did not wait for Norway or Belgium or the Netherlands to commit an act of war."

BUT if a neutrality policy is not a guarantee of peace neither is the policy of aid short of war to the democracies. In fact this latter so closely resembles American foreign policy during the period preceding the World War, some of the landmarks are so familiar, that it creates a fear that we are traveling on the same road. We have already advanced from a state of neutrality to one of non-belligerency. The fact that the expression "short of war" is heard less and less frequently these days would seem to indicate that the public mind is becoming accustomed to the thought—unutterable a few months ago—that American aid to the democracies will soon take the next step, which is military intervention.

Aid to Democracies and Peace

The reason advanced for this policy is that while England holds out against the attacks of the Axis powers she is acting as a bulwark of protection for us. While England stands, it will be impossible for Germany and Italy to attack us. For this reason, whatever we give to England in the way of military help is really something we are doing for ourselves. We are keeping the war out of America.

This sounds more like an argument for war than for peace. If England is fighting our war, then we are cowards not to get in it. We must take into account, too, the fact that it may not be left to us to decide whether we shall go to war. This decision may be made for us. If our help to England becomes so effective that it threatens to turn the tide of battle against the totalitarian states, they may declare war on us in order to stop the flow of supplies overseas.

WE ARE fast coming to a point where arguments between those who favor neutrality and those who favor aid short of war for the democracies are becoming purely academic. For some time now those who favor a more or less strict neutrality have been losing ground. For better or for worse, this country is definitely embarking on a course of help to the democracies. The President and Congress favor it, and the Gallup poll indicates that this course has the popular approval. Nothing short of a sudden end of the war could now change the direction of our foreign policy.

The Dangers in Our Path

Since we are irrevocably embarked on a course of aid to the democracies, we should at least do everything possible to avoid its dangers. We should be careful not to weaken our own defense by sending abroad material

that may be needed here. Whatever help is given should be given according to international law. Because the Nazis have no regard for international law is no reason why we should out-Hitler Hitler in this regard. Congress should be extremely watchful in delegating powers to the President, lest we adopt totalitarianism in order to fight it. It is well to remember in this regard that the history of the New Deal shows that extraordinary powers, once acquired, are never relinquished. We should not let our attention be so distracted from our economic and social ills that we expose ourselves to the danger of entering a war or a difficult post-war period in a state of national weakness and demoralization. The lesson of France is that a country weakened by social discord and internal dissension is an easy prey to a strong and unified enemy.

They Want It Back

THERE is considerable agitation going on in England, Canada, and the United States, over Eire's refusal to grant England the use of naval bases at Lough Swilly, Bere Haven, and Cobh. Such a cession of naval bases would be tantamount to a declaration of war by Eire against Germany. It is a little ungracious, to say the least, for Americans who think that England is fighting their battle and yet wish to stay out of the war, to lecture Eire on her duties to the "mother" country!

The irony of the situation is that Lough Swilly is in Donegal, the northernmost county of Ireland, and it would be in Ulster today if it had not been gerrymandered into Eire by the bigots of the North because of its large Catholic population. "The truth is," explained Carson, "that after going into the whole matter, almost parish by parish, you would have no chance of successfully starting a Parliament in Belfast responsible for the government of Donegal, Cavan, and Monaghan. You would bring from these three counties an additional 260,000 Catholics and only 70,000 additional Protestants." And so, in order to keep down the Catholic minority of the North, Donegal with its naval base at Lough Swilly was gerrymandered out of Ulster.

And now they want it back!

This Scientific Age

THE future historian will probably be mildly amazed to read that this is the century of great culture. He will appreciate the great marvels of this era such as the radio which at a turn from a child's fingers can bring music and words from across the world; automobiles so numerous that they are no longer considered a luxury; airplanes that span the world in great speed and comfort; education made possible to all. He will discover that in practically every science, savants of this era have made tremendous strides and important discoveries. It is the great intellectual age where human reason is enthroned.

What will cause amazement to the future historian is the fact that in this great age of reason, and despite the remarkable findings of science, the nations of the world have hit a new low in what is called civilization. The perversive mind of man, set free from the moral restraints of religion, uses these great scientific discoveries to cover the earth with ruin, death, and desolation. Explosive bombs dropped without regard for the lives of non-combatant women and children, fire bombs capable of generating heat of 1,500 degrees dropped without even a pretext of aiming at a military objective, and, accompanying all, a barrage of lies commonly called communiqués.

There is a reason for all this. Religion has fostered science but science has sought to destroy religion. Pseudo-scientists have no need for religion or God, and the number of pseudo-scientists and their followers is legion. Surely if the laws of morality and decency as laid down by God and taught by His Church were observed, there would be no lies, no indiscriminate bombings, and, even, no wars.

The Legion of Decency

THE Most Reverend John J. Cantwell, Archbishop of Los Angeles, recently made a forceful protest to the Los Angeles City Council concerning the number of lewd and indecent performances in the theaters and night clubs of that city. The strong words of the Archbishop deserve to be echoed and re-echoed throughout the length and breadth of the land. He said: "No fouler stain can rest upon any city than that arising from laws that do not adequately control, but rather make possible, and even tend to encourage, lewd and indecent public displays upon which unscrupulous promoters fatten, youthful minds are poisoned, and morals corrupted."

Los Angeles is not unique in this permissive poisoning of youthful minds and corruption of morals. In the latest evaluation of current plays in New York by the Catholic Theater Movement, only three plays are listed as unobjectionable for general patronage. Four plays are unobjectionable for adults. Eight are objectionable in part and four are wholly objectionable. Burlesque shows are wide open, and sneaky little places with lewd pictures seem to have no hindrance from the police. Night clubs with their indecent performances, suggestive dances, and risqué songs and jokes are flourishing. The same conditions, in possibly slightly less degree, prevail in our other cities.

It is not the policy of the Church to be puritanical. The Church has always emphasized the joyful side of life. However, no Catholic can, in conscience, sit by idly and not protest these public insults to decency. Too much depends on our younger generation to expose it to such dangers and temptations. They are the Catholics of tomorrow, the fathers and mothers of the future membership of the Church. If they succumb to the prevalent spirit of immorality, the condition of the Church in the future will be difficult.

Catholic organizations that are looking for an outlet for their zeal have an adequate one here. Let each organization make a copy of the stirring words of Archbishop Cantwell and telegraph or mail them to the proper authorities of their cities. A concerted effort on the part of all clean-minded persons will go far toward cleaning up this unsavory mess. Clean our theaters for the moral good of the nation and for the protection of our youth.

Schools and The Dollar Sign

THE Board of Education of New York City recently submitted its school system budget estimate for the fiscal year 1941-42. The Board asked for $152,008,302, an increase of $1,347,573 over the previous year. In addition, $43,419,451 is asked for departments allied to the school system, making a total of $195,427,753. Since there are approximately 190 school days in a year, New York City plans to spend more than $1,000,000 a school day.

At present there are 1,035,350 children attending day school in New York. By the spring of 1942, it is estimated that this number will drop to 993,180. The Catholic will instinctively compare figures. In 1936, a census of Catholic elementary and secondary schools revealed the fact that 75,805 teachers instructed 2,398,811 pupils in Catholic elementary and secondary schools of the nation. If New York City pays $152,008,302 to train its children, it may be conservatively estimated that Catholics pay out in excess of $300,000,000 annually—and this does not include the basic cost of erecting school buildings and homes for the religious who teach our children.

In this one item alone the Catholics of the United States save the country over $300,000,000 annually. When to this is added the financial burden of Catholic hospitals, orphanages, old folks' homes, sanatoria, and other institutions run by the Church, the total is startling.

There is much loose talk about patriotism among Catholics. The citizens of certain communities objected strenuously to the state providing transportation to Catholic children in more inaccessible places, and when it was suggested in some legislatures that books be provided to Catholic schools at state expense, the outcry was terrific.

It is well for all Catholics to familiarize themselves with facts. The most conclusive answer to tirades of bigotry is a calm statement of figures.

The New Defense Commission

"MR. ROOSEVELT invites Mr. Willkie to be associate President." That would be a startling headline to face over your morning coffee. Yet, if consistency is still a virtue, it is not outside the realm of probability that such news will face you one of these fine mornings. Mr. Roosevelt evidently is not convinced of the advantages of having one head for every body.

As had been expected, the President has revised the Defense Commission or, as it is alphabetically known, the O.P.M. At the head of the Commission, with equal powers, Mr. Roosevelt has appointed William S. Knudsen and Sidney Hillman. Secretaries Knox and Stimson are *ex officio* members of the Commission.

The new arrangement obviously aims at protection of capital and labor. When questioned as to what will happen if Mr. Knudsen and Mr. Hillman disagree, the President answered that there would be no cause for disagreement. This answer seems to be the height of optimism. It would be difficult enough to expect two persons having the same interests, to agree. But with Mr. Knudsen—an admitted capitalist—and Mr. Hillman—an outstanding labor leader—there would seem to be plenty of opportunity for disagreements to arise.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Roosevelt's optimism will be justified, but right now it would seem that the Defense Commission would have a greater chance for success if one man were to be in authority.

History Repeating Itself

THERE is no saying truer than the old one that "history repeats itself." Before a great deal of human history—at least recorded human history—had as yet been enacted, Solomon had discovered this truth. "Nothing under the sun is new," he said, "neither is any man able to say, behold this is new, for it hath already gone before in the ages that were before us." Names and faces change through the years, but historical situations have a way of repeating themselves in a variety of forms.

These reflections were engendered in the writer by a perusal of some of the addresses and papers of the first president of these United States. If by some miracle George Washington could be present and address a joint session of Congress, and were he to express himself in the very words he used in his first annual address to Congress on January 8, 1790, his garb might indeed be considered outmoded, but not his ideas. In that address he said:

> Among the many interesting objects which will engage your attention, that of providing for the common defense will merit particular regard. To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.
>
> A free people ought not only to be armed, but disciplined; to which end a uniform and well-digested plan is requisite; and their safety and interest require that they should promote such manufactories as tend to render them independent of others for essential, particularly military, supplies.

And the sage advice which he gave a joint session of Congress on January 3, 1793, could well be heeded by a joint session of the 77th Congress in this year 1941:

> I cannot recommend to your notice measures for the fulfillment of our duties to the rest of the world without again pressing upon you the necessity of placing ourselves in a condition of complete defense and of exacting from them the fulfillment of their duties toward us. The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every other nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.

A reading of Washington's addresses and messages to Congress makes it evident that the Father of his Country insisted in season and out of season on the necessity of maintaining a military establishment capable of defending this country against any possible aggressor.

Why the Lend-Lease Bill?

By JOHN C. O'BRIEN

LINES are being formed in the Seventy-seventh Congress for a historic debate out of which may emerge a clear statement of American policy with respect to the European war. At this writing the policy is not clear, despite the extension of "aid short of war for Britain" to "full support of all peoples resisting aggression" elaborated by President Roosevelt in his state-of-the-union message and in the text of the "lend-lease" aid bill.

The President held out the hope to Congress and to the people that by making this country an arsenal for the democracies, defeat of the dictators eventually would be accomplished and America's safety thus insured. "We shall send you, in ever-increasing numbers, ships, planes, tanks, guns. This is our purpose and our pledge," he said in his annual message.

The President may be right in believing that such "ever-increasing" assistance will turn the tide for Britain. But suppose he is mistaken, what then? Shall we enter the war actively on the side of the United Kingdom, with our Navy and our air force? Shall we send armies across the Atlantic?

This is the question that will be debated in Congress. This is the basic question that must be decided before the American people can know to what they are being asked to commit themselves, what risks they are being asked to run.

The division in Congress occurs on the proposition that defeat of the dictators is essential to the safety of the United States. Upholding the negative are the isolationists, who contend that it is absurd to say that Hitler would or could attack the United States. Supporting the affirmative is the President and probably a majority of both Houses of Congress. It is a dangerous delusion, according to this group, to believe that Hitler would leave the United States undisturbed if he subjected England and became master of the seas. To know what to expect from Hitler, this group says, it is necessary only to recall what happened to Austria, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, and France.

The position of the isolationists is perfectly clear; confusion exists only on the side of those who believe that the fall of England would jeopardize the safety of the United States.

The isolationists do not believe that Hitler would attempt conquest in this Hemisphere; consequently they are opposed to running the risk of involvement in the present war to save England. The President and his supporters, on the other hand, believing that this nation could not live at peace with a victorious Hitler, insist that the dictatorships must be



Photos from Harris & Ewing

President Franklin D. Roosevelt leads the fight for aid to the democracies

destroyed, but they refuse to consider the possibility that full intervention by the United States might be required to bring England through, or, for reasons of policy, they are unwilling to admit it.

"We are committed to the proposition that principles of morality and considerations for our own security will never permit us to acquiesce in a peace dictated by aggressors and sponsored by appeasers," said the President in his address to Congress.

Taken by itself, that would seem to imply that the President believes we should accept all risks—even war—to accomplish the defeat of the dictators. But nowhere in the speech does he say so.

"Our most useful and immediate role is to act as an arsenal for them (the democracies resisting aggression) as well as for ourselves," he declared. "They do not need man power. They do need billions of dollars worth of the weapons of defense."

But what if the billions of dollars worth of weapons do not arrive in England in time? What if Britain is overcome before the weapons arrive? Are we to take up where England leaves off and prosecute the war to a finish? That is the question the President left unanswered, and that is the question the isolationists are certain to keep in the foreground of the debate on the lend-lease bill.

The lend-lease measure is an astounding piece of legislation. It would give the President powers no other President has ever had in peace time. Under its provisions, the President could supply to Great Britain, Greece, China, or any country which, in his judgment, was contributing to the defense of the United States by resisting aggression, everything they need for their war effort but men. The only limitation upon this power would be the reluctance of Congress to provide the necessary appropriations.

As interpreted by Senator Alben W. Barkley and Representative John W. McCormack, Administration leaders in Congress, the bill gives the President the power to lend warships, tanks, airplanes, anti-aircraft guns and rifles now in possession of the Army and Navy. He could commandeer the entire output of Amer-

ica's war industries for Great Britain. He could open the ports of the United States for testing, repairing, or outfitting of ships of the Royal Navy. He could release any secret information pertaining to any weapon of war developed in this country —including the highly prized secret bombsight. He could strip the defenses of the United States without consulting the Army and Navy authorities as to the wisdom of his action. His powers would stop only short of authorizing the use of American vessels to deliver war materials to combat areas and to send American soldiers overseas.

This is, of course, an extreme interpretation of the bill. No one supposes for a moment that the President would act rashly. But the question arises: why, if he would not use the powers to the full, is he seeking such a plenary grant?

The ostensible reason is that Great Britain may run short of purchasing power and would be no longer able to command the output of the American munitions industry. "The time is near," said the President in his message, "when they (the British) will not be able to pay for them in ready cash. We cannot and will not, tell them they must surrender, merely because of present inability to pay for the weapons which we know they must have."

And so the bill provides that the President may lend or lease weapons or war materials upon such terms as he deems satisfactory—"payment or repayment in kind, or any other direct or indirect benefit which the President deems satisfactory."

Another reason why the President might desire power to make munitions available to Great Britain without regard to immediate payment suggests itself. Up till now, aside from the trade of fifty over-age destroyers for naval and air bases on British Western Hemisphere possessions, he has been able to find no legal basis for supplying Great Britain with existing military equipment. He was balked in an effort to give Britain a fleet of fast "mosquito boats" especially adapted to harbor defense. He has allocated to Britain as large a share of the output of new airplanes as he dared, but he has been constantly hampered by the restraining hand of the Army and Navy authorities whom he is obliged by law to consult. It is possible that



Senator Burton K. Wheeler, leader of the isolationist forces in the Senate

the President had in mind liberation from the restrictions which inhibit an immediate free-handed aid policy for Britain.

But that would hardly be an adequate explanation, for we are already giving Britain nearly everything that it is possible to give. Assuming that her greatest need is combat airplanes, she received 80 per cent of the December output. And, if the President had the power, and exercised it, to give Britain all of the production, it would not make much difference because the total output of the American aviation industry in December was only 799 military planes, of which more than half were trainers.

Next in urgency is Great Britain's need of destroyers for convoy duty and of cargo carriers. Conceivably, with such absolute power as is proposed in the lend-lease bill, the President could "lend" the British fifty to seventy-five destroyers, but if he did he would be running counter to the wishes of the Navy authorities, who are unalterably opposed to weakening that arm of the fleet. Having constantly in mind the menace of Japan in the Pacific, the Admirals are insisting on retaining every one of our 159 destroyers to maintain the balanced character of the fleet.

As for supplying cargo ships to replace Britain's mounting tonnage losses, no substantial immediate replenishment could be made for the reason that surplus tonnage does not exist. The American merchant marine has been dwindling in size because of transfers heretofore made, and there is talk in Washington of a serious "bottleneck" in shipping for our own needs. Between September 1, 1939 and December 23, 1940, the United States transferred to Great Britain, Canada, France, Belgium, Italy, and Greece over 700,000 tons of shipping. Considering the country's own shipping needs, the United States Maritime Commission and American shipping interests are firmly opposed to parting with any of the existing tonnage, which totals about 7,475,000 tons distributed among 1,251 ocean-going vessels, mostly of 2,000 gross tons each.

That being the situation, it is difficult to see how the President, even with the sweeping powers contained in the lend-lease bill, could materially relieve the British tonnage shortage. Some authorities believe the bill would empower him to take over about 100 merchant vessels in American ports belonging to Axis or Axis-dominated countries, but even if he were prepared to seize them and hand them over to the British at the risk of giving offense to Germany and Italy and to friendly, occupied European nations, Britain's shipping problem would be far from solved.

England's hope of replenishing her shipping lies in the capacity of the United States to turn out new tonnage. She has placed an order for sixty 10,000-ton ships with an American shipbuilder, and President Roosevelt has allocated $36,000,000 for the expansion of shipyard facilities with a view to laying down 200 ships for the United States Marine. But no power contained in the lend-lease bill would enable this government to make an immediate contribution to British shipping facilities, since it would be a year to eighteen months before any of the ships for British or American order would be coming off the ways.

Viewed from any angle, it is difficult to see how the granting of vast and arbitrary powers to the President could immediately accelerate American aid to England. There is no likelihood of immediate failure of British credit which would halt purchases, and there exists no store of airplanes, ships, tanks, or anti-aircraft guns which could be made available at once. The President could transfer destroyers, if he were willing to ignore the advice of the Secretary of the Navy and all his admirals.

But it seems unlikely that he would risk a row in Congress merely to attain that end.

It must be assumed, therefore, that in seeking a free hand to place the resources of this country behind Great Britain, the President had in mind a purpose other than immediate acceleration of the present aid policy. The commonly accepted explanation is that he was considering the psychological effect of Congressional approval of such a measure as the lend-lease bill. The President's objective, according to New Dealers, was to bolster British morale for the long pull until American aid could be made really effective, and to head off appeasers at home. The President hoped also, it is said, that an American commitment to see Britain through would discourage the dictators and impair morale in Germany and Italy.

It is the belief of all informed Administration officials that Great Britain will be put to the supreme test in the next ninety days. British representatives have told the President and his advisers that they expect a maximum effort by Hitler by April or sooner—probably an attempt at invasion, preceded by an air attack of greater severity than anything Britain has yet experienced.

While all reports speak of British morale in the highest terms, the President and his advisers are aware that there is an appeasement party in England as well as in the United States. This must be borne in mind in connection with the President's request for sweeping powers to pledge the resources of the United States to Britain's war effort and his cry for speedy action by Congress. The President's aim is to keep the British war effort going until the American defense production program attains full volume, ten to twelve months hence, and the knowledge that the American arsenal is behind them may be encouragement the British will need if invasion comes.

That is why the President told his leaders in Congress that he wanted the bill enacted within a week or ten days, if possible. He wants Congressional commitment to the policy of full support to the democracies to the end that there shall be no peace dictated by aggressors and sponsored by appeasers before the Axis powers unleash an all-out attack on Great Britain. He wants the British people to know that the vast credit and industrial resources of the United States are behind them, that the flow of munitions will continue to reach them in ever-increasing quantities whether they can pay for them or not. The demand for speedy enactment reflects the fear, universally felt in official quarters, that the Nazi all-out attack may come at any moment.

Whether the Administration's hope that a combination of British armed might and American resources would stay Hitler's hand is well-founded is anybody's guess. Enactment of the lend-lease bill might have the opposite effect; it might force Hitler's hand.

The common assumption in Washington is that the lend-lease bill will pass, although it may take time. It is certain that there will be heated debate. The isolationist bloc is numerically small, but it contains some of the ablest debaters in both houses —Senators Burton K. Wheeler, Bennett C. Clark, Hiram Johnson, Arthur H. Vandenberg, Gerald P. Nye, Pat McCarran, Robert M. LaFollette, Robert A. Taft, and in the House firebrands like Hamilton Fish, Everett M. Dirksen, John Taber, and Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers.

Division on the bill crosses party lines; some of its most caustic critics are Democrats. As this is being written, the attack has taken two lines; one, that the all-out aid policy means war, the other, that the bill would set the President up as a dictator.

But the battle will turn on the question of basic foreign policy. Many of those who favor fullest aid for Great Britain are fearful of setting in motion a trend that would lead our country into active participation in the war. While they are disposed to support the lend-lease bill, they want further clarification of national policy. They want to know what the President proposes to do if Britain falls before American aid can reach her; they want to know how far America is to go in defending the democracies against aggression. Is America determined to accomplish the defeat of Hitler at all costs, or merely to support Britain so long as she maintains her resistance?

The opposition appears to be outnumbered but it may win enough support from proponents of the measure to force amendments. It would be a fair surmise that Congress will demand a limitation of two, or maybe three years, on the extraordinary grant of power. It may compel the President to consult with the Army and Navy authorities before he transfers any existing Army and Navy equipment or grants priorities to Great Britain on current production. It may even insist that Britain post collateral for the return of equipment lent for her war effort.



House majority leader John W. McCormack, Senator James F. Byrnes, Speaker Rayburn and Senate majority leader Alben W. Barkley—all key men in securing enactment of the "lend-lease" bill



BY *James* B. CONNOLLY

One of those happenings

SHE was a deep-loaded vessel just in from sea and her flag was at half-mast.

The water-front reporter kept saying "What happened? Come on, Pat, what's the story?"—until a weary-looking man on the vessel's deck, the one called Pat, heaved himself up the forerigging to the wharf and said:

There's no story. Just one of those happenings. We'd left our offshore fishing grounds—the Grand Banks, yes—with 350,000 of salt fish in our fore and after holds. That's deep loading our vessel for her tonnage, yes, but what crew o' men are leaving good fishing behind them?

We swing her off for Gloucester before a moderate breeze, but we're not two hours on our way when the wind makes.

It comes on to blow hard, a full gale by night, and a high sea is running with it. We're carryin' a whole mainsail, yes, but it's a fair wind.

It comes two o'clock—two in the mornin', yes,—and Tony Pastorelli and Charlie Johnson are called to take over the watch from Wallace Young and myself. It's a black night, and the seas are breaking aboard, one after the other like breakers on a beach.

Charlie and Tony come on deck, though I don't know they're on deck, the night being that black, till I see the fo'c's'le light shining up the open hatchway onto their oilskins.

The fo'c's'le hatch cover is pushed back shut, and Tony's voice sings out to ask who's on for'ard watch. It's me on for'ard watch and I'm standing it high up as the side light, fifteen foot up in the weather forerigging.

"Kinda lumpy sea on, hah, Pat?" hollers Tony.

"Plenty lumpy," I holler back. We have to holler so's to hear ourselves against the whistle of the gale through the rigging and the roar of the seas all around us.

"And Wallace has the wheel now, hah?" says Tony.

"Wallace has it. And he's lashed to it. The last three watches 've been lashin' themselves to the wheel," I holler.

"I'd better take the wheel then, not Charlie," says Tony. "You, Charlie, you relieve Pat on for'ard watch." Charlie is the green hand of our crew.

Tony has a good look around and goes aft.

Charlie climbs the weather forerigging to where I am, and I'm about to climb down when I hear a sea coming. It's a wicked sea by the roar of it, and knowing Charlie ain't yet broke into heavy winter weather I holler to him to wrap his arms around what he can grab.

Charlie hangs on, and I look over my shoulder to see what's coming, and what I see is a mountain of water, masthead high and milk white against the black night.

"Let this one hit the old girl broad on and she's gone," I think.

The big sea roars down on the vessel, and it strikes, and rolls over Charlie and me, and we fifteen foot above the deck.

Charlie and myself come out from under the sea and we cough up what salt water we haven't quite swallered, and look around.

A deep-loaded able vessel is not too easy to capsize, but a sea like that one hitting her broad on should've carried away her top planking and rails and everything that's not double bolted to her deck, and maybe her cabin house and fo'c's'le hatchway, in which case she would fill quick and go down with all hands. I'm wonderin' why something like that hasn't happened to her, and then I notice why. She's headed into the wind, meaning the big sea didn't get a chance to hit her broad on.

I hail Wallace and Tony to know if they're all right. No answering hail comes for'ard to me.

I hurry aft to see what's happened.

There's nobody at the wheel, no Wallace and no Tony when I get there, but there's the wheel in the becket so she'll stay hove-to in case there's no helmsman to hold her to it.

I holler again for Charlie and Tony. This time I hear a voice under her lee quarter.



It's Wallace when I look over the rail, and he's hauling himself back to the vessel by the mainsheet.

Before he's fair over the side, Wallace is asking me if Tony is aboard. I tell him he's not aboard.

The cabin hatch comes sliding back and the Skipper's head comes sticking up out the cabin companionway. He turns his head to wind'ard and loo'ard, and then aft and he hollers: "Who's that? You Pat? You Wallace? That was a jeesly sea, hah? Who had the wheel afore that sea broke aboard?"

"I had the wheel just afore it broke," says Wallace.

"You, Wallace? Then you did the smart thing heaving her head into the wind," says the Skipper.

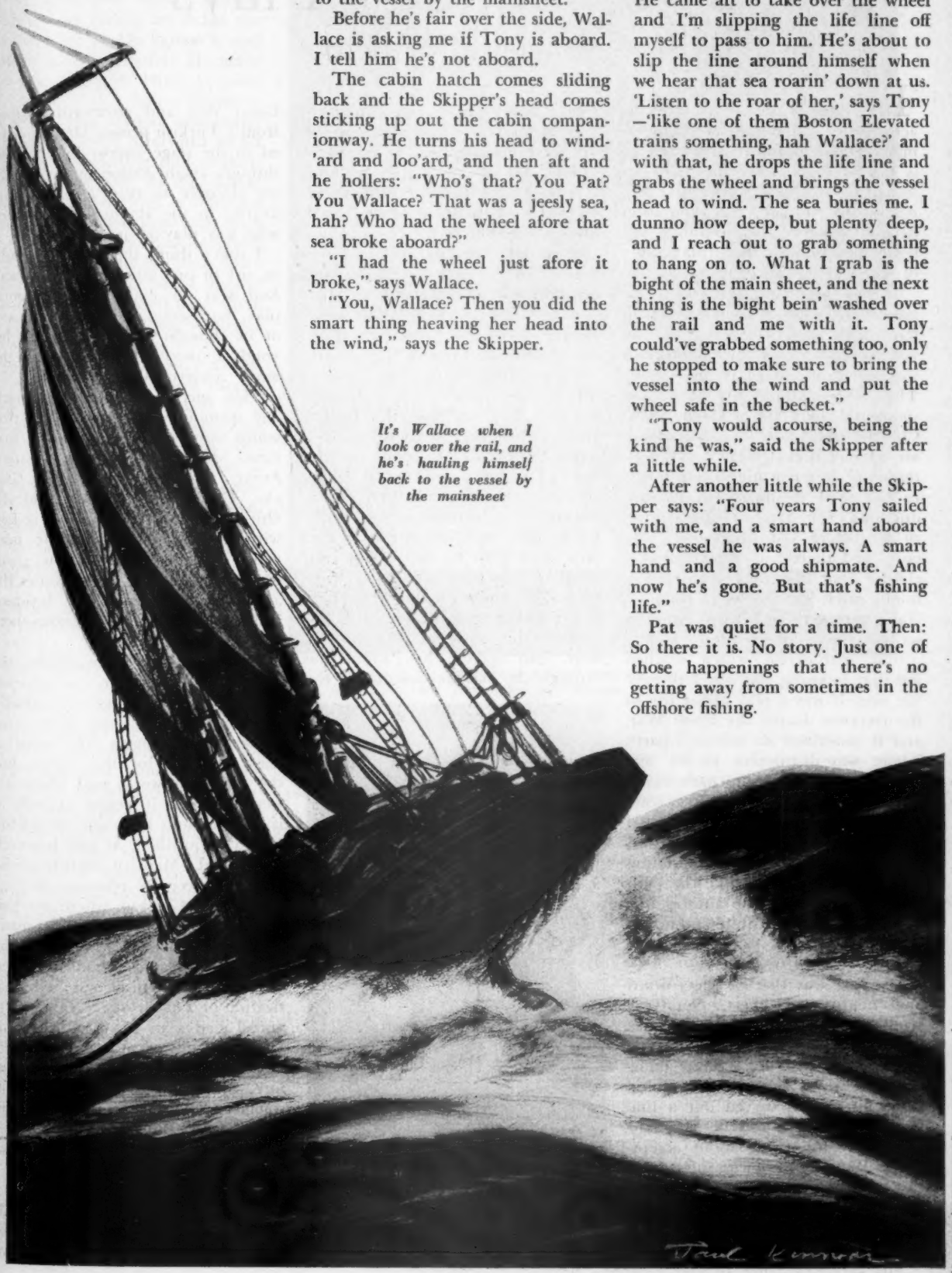
It's Wallace when I look over the rail, and he's hauling himself back to the vessel by the mainsheet

"It warn't me hove her into the wind," says Wallace. "It was Tony. He came aft to take over the wheel and I'm slipping the life line off myself to pass to him. He's about to slip the line around himself when we hear that sea roarin' down at us. 'Listen to the roar of her,' says Tony —'like one of them Boston Elevated trains something, hah Wallace?' and with that, he drops the life line and grabs the wheel and brings the vessel head to wind. The sea buries me. I dunno how deep, but plenty deep, and I reach out to grab something to hang on to. What I grab is the bight of the main sheet, and the next thing is the bight bein' washed over the rail and me with it. Tony could've grabbed something too, only he stopped to make sure to bring the vessel into the wind and put the wheel safe in the becket."

"Tony would acourse, being the kind he was," said the Skipper after a little while.

After another little while the Skipper says: "Four years Tony sailed with me, and a smart hand aboard the vessel he was always. A smart hand and a good shipmate. And now he's gone. But that's fishing life."

Pat was quiet for a time. Then: So there it is. No story. Just one of those happenings that there's no getting away from sometimes in the offshore fishing.



Two Famous Plays

By ROBERT SPEAIGHT

THE Long Run is at once the actor's dream and the actor's nightmare. He sighs for it—and then he is sick of it. It is the means of his security and his dissatisfaction. Above all, though, his reputation depends upon it, for the public will remember him in those plays only of which it has itself approved.

It has been my fortune to be associated with two plays which have made theatrical history. In the late November of 1928, a manuscript was sent to me by the Stage Society. This famous group in London had sponsored the plays of Ibsen, Shaw, Chekov, and others for performance on Sunday nights and Monday afternoons. It was a high compliment to be asked to appear in its productions. You had the opportunity to act before a distinguished audience, and there was always an odd chance that the play in question might catch the eye of a "commercial" manager and thus enjoy a second and a longer life.

The manuscript which reached me that morning was not a promising one. It was a play about life in the trenches during the Great War, and it contained no women's parts. There was distinction in the dialogue and truth in the characterization; it gripped one at a first reading. But no one, surely, wanted to hear about the horrors of war, when "Locarno" was illuminating the years ahead of us like the path of the rising sun. The author, Mr. R. C. Sherriff, was quite unknown, and the play was called *Journey's End.*

My part was that of the coward and neurotic, Hibbert. Not very sympathetic; and perhaps the dice were loaded a little too heavily against him, with his squalid amorous adventures as well as his blue funk—but I had carved out a line for myself in that sort of part, and I didn't think twice about accepting it. We were rather an interesting cast, though not many of us were known then. James Whale was the director. He had built for himself a brilliant reputation as a stage designer and as a character actor of a special type, but his name would not have meant much to the wider public. Now he is one of the most successful directors in Hollywood. He went out there to supervise the film production of *Journey's End*—and stayed. Captain Stanhope was played by Laurence Olivier, and Second-Lieutenant Raleigh by Maurice Evans; Lieutenant Osborne by George Zucco and Lieutenant Trotter by Melville Cooper.

Evans and Olivier are names which now speak for themselves, both in England and the United States. Then they were rising juveniles; Evans had just made his first big hit in John van Druten's play, *Diversion.* Zucco had been giving distinguished performances for years, but he had never had much popular luck; now both he and Cooper are familiar faces from a dozen popular films. The small but important part of the Colonel was played by H. G. Stoker—the intrepid Commander who had taken his submarine through the Dardanelles during the Great War and afterward escaped from a Turkish prison. He had drifted to the stage almost by accident, through an invitation by Sir Gerald du Maurier to read a part at rehearsal in the absence of the actor who was playing it.



Jordan Studio

Robert Speaight in costume for the role of St. Thomas À Becket

I don't think there was a doubt in any of our minds that *Journey's End* was an extraordinarily good play, but, again, I don't think any of us thought it had a future beyond a *succès d'estime* with the Stage Society. We overlooked the sudden success of all those novels and memoirs dealing with the War which were so much in vogue at that time: *All Quiet on the Western Front, The Case of Sergeant Grischa, Undertones of War,* and *All Our Yesterdays.* We failed to reckon with a twist in the public taste which had just reached the point when it could bear to reconsider the agony of those years. And besides—a final and fatal objection—there was no love interest.

We played it twice before the Stage Society and received glowing notices. The audience was equally enthusiastic. For days there were rumors of managers who were at least nibbling for the rights. But the days and weeks and Christmas went by, and it began to look as if our previous fears and skepticism would be justified. At last, however, my friend, Maurice Browne, who had only recently returned to England from Chicago where he had run the Little Theatre for many years, came forward and bought the play. Browne and I had just been appearing in Komisarjevsky's dramatization of *The Brothers Karamazov,* and I had seen his production of Paul Raynal's great war play, *The Unknown Warrior.* I knew, therefore, that he was ambitious to do something worth-while in the London theater. But his faith in *Journey's End* was all the more remarkable in that he had not seen it.

From that moment on we never looked back. Laurence Olivier was not free to repeat his performance of the chief part and Colin Clive

was engaged in his place. Clive's success as Stanhope was electrifying. A small-part actor, scarcely known to the public, he fitted the part like a glove. He looked it and talked it and suggested it. He made his name overnight. Later he went to Hollywood with James Whale to play in the film version, and found his way back there afterward to fill a rather disappointing line of parts and then, tragically, to die. I had recently been playing in another Sunday night production with both him and Olivier, and had imagined either of them in the big part. Clive scored heavily then, but I should like to see Olivier play it now. Clive never fulfilled his promise; Olivier has surpassed his.

But *Journey's End* wasn't a one-man show. Its success was a success of ensemble. It was teamwork of a kind that I think is very rarely seen in the theater. We acted as harmoniously as a crew rowing in a boat race. We understood the other fellow's part as well as our own. Besides, we were conscious of having suddenly made theater history, and we were on our toes to maintain the tension and excitement and surprise of those first performances. Other plays have run as long, or even longer, than *Journey's End,* but any London playgoer, looking back over the past ten years, will acknowledge that there was something very special in its success. To begin with, it touched every man and woman who remembered the last war. It responded to the national mood, and one felt, as one went down night after night to the theater, that one was doing a national work; at least, that one was helping England to remember, in just the way that she wanted to remember it, the central tragedy of our times.

That lent an importance to our work. We were fêted and very much over-publicized, but the fact remains that for weeks you couldn't get a seat in the Old Savoy Theater, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, whose honorable life we were bringing to a triumphal close. After five months we moved to the Prince of Wales. We gave a special performance for V.C.'s and a midnight performance for the members of our profession, and a Sunday afternoon performance at Wormwood Scrubs Prison where the convicts proved a wonderful audience. We continued for seventeen months in London, but in the meantime the play had been produced in the English provinces, in Boston, Chicago, New York, and Toronto, in Sydney, and Cape Town, and in dozens of other places, with equal acclaim. Those companies might give performances equal to and in some instances better than ours; but still we had been the first and we were proud of it.



Mr. Speaight in a scene from the Catholic University production of "Murder in the Cathedral"

The question is sometimes asked, "Was *Journey's End* a great play?" I think we may safely leave the answer to posterity. It was quite certainly not a great play in the sense that *Anthony and Cleopatra,* or *The Cherry Orchard,* or *Hedda Gabler* were, and are, great plays. I don't think that anyone ever pretended that it was. On the other hand it was, and is, within its limits, a supremely good play. From start to finish it was alive. The characters were real; and although they were typical they were far more than types. Lieutenant Osborne, in the delicate hands of George Zucco, was a typical English schoolmaster, but he wasn't just any master one had met at one's private school. He was Lieutenant Osborne. The same thing was true of all the characters. You remembered them as people you had met, whose faces and voices you had not forgotten.

There have been many other war plays by dramatists with a far wider imaginative sweep than R. C. Sherriff's, but on its own ground it beats them all. Some critics belittled it because it was, as they said, photographic; and the failure of two revivals in London and New York suggests that the generation of today finds that it dates a little, like a photograph of yesterday. But may it not have been due to the author's determination to let the war speak for itself, to his refusal to preach or to protest, that so many people found in it a moving picture of the English soul at war? Whatever the

answer to these questions, *Journey's End* was a great theatrical event, and I am very grateful for the good fortune that allowed me to create a part in it.

Journey's End had its last performance in June 1930. It was almost exactly five years later that I awoke one morning in my little house near Richmond Park with a very pleasant sensation. I was due to board the Rome express at 2 p.m. for my first visit to the Eternal and Imperial City. That is a tremendous moment for any man. Furthermore, I was going as special correspondent for the *Catholic Herald* to report the canonization of John Fisher and Thomas More, and was to see the Holy Father in my capacity as representative of that paper. My thoughts were very far away from the theater. I had been reading, side by side, Chesterton's *Resurrection of Rome* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* But just for a moment, the night before, I had read that a new play in verse by T. S. Eliot on the martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket would be performed during June in the chapter house of Canterbury Cathedral, and that it would be directed by my friend, Martin Browne. For a second the wish to play in it darted across my mind; but that was all. I could think of nothing but the Rome I was so soon to see.

On my breakfast tray that morning there came a thick envelope addressed in a handwriting which I recognized as Martin Browne's. Inside was a copy of *Murder in the Cathedral* and a letter inviting me to play the leading part.

Knowing and admiring Eliot's work as I did, I cabled a grateful acceptance to Browne before I even read the play. That waited until I was on the train for Paris, and it was there, racing through Flanders in a world still comparatively peaceful, that I read the part with which I was to live for nearly three years, and the play which was to be widely hailed not only as a masterpiece in itself but as giving a new life and direction to the poetic drama. Oddly enough, I think I seized all the principal qualities of the work at that first reading, except one—the tremendous possibilities of my own part. That was to declare itself later.

Of course, the central theme of the play—the theme of Christian martyrdom—remained very vividly in my mind throughout the next four memorable days in Rome. I felt it in the catacombs; I felt it, naturally enough, during the canonizations. And out in the Campagna I felt the force of one line which had especially haunted me:

The death in the desert, the prayer in forgotten places by the broken imperial column.

Rome is a city of "broken imperial columns" and the line in question refers, Mr. Eliot told me, to the death of Charles de Foucauld in the desert which Rome had colonized. Nor could I help thinking, on a lower plane, of the luck attending on theatrical affairs. If I had left London a few hours earlier, Martin Browne's letter might well have reached me too late for me to accept his invitation. The casting of Thomas was, by this time, an urgent matter and did not admit of delay.

I AM sure that the extraordinary success of *Murder in the Cathedral* was in part due to the complete understanding and sympathy between the author, the director, and myself. We were already well acquainted, and Martin Browne and I were really responsible for our respective theatrical careers. When he had just left Oxford and I was just going there—in 1923—I had invited him to direct a production of *Hamlet* that I was organizing with the dauntless ambition of extreme youth, at an English seaside resort. During that summer we found out enough about our potential capacities for acting and directing to encourage us to further exploration. Browne came to the Speech and Drama Department at Carnegie Tech, and although his work lay for a long time in the amateur field, and particularly in religious drama, we were able, on at least two occasions, to collaborate. But *Murder in the Cathedral* was the opportunity we had been waiting and working for all those years.

It is sometimes asked how far an interpretative artist must "believe" in the motives of the work he is interpreting. The question is both intricate and profound, and one might answer, quite shortly, that in the case of Eliot's play, both actor and director must have, at least, an imaginative sympathy with the motives of Christian martyrdom. They must understand even if they do not assent. Eliot had written his play with the conviction of the believer and the imagination of the poet. Neither had he fallen into the trap which besets every writer on a religious subject; he had not written beyond his own experience. He had not arrogated to himself emotions which he thought he should have felt. He had not succumbed to insincerity, even in a sacred cause. Martin Browne and myself both had the advantage of believing in the Christian verities as Eliot himself believed in them, and there can be no question but that this helped us in our task.

Murder in the Cathedral was first produced at Canterbury in June 1935. During the period of rehearsals I stayed with my friends Archdeacon and Mrs. Hardcastle in the famous Precincts, now damaged, I believe, by Nazi bombardment. The house still contained many traces of its Norman origin; it was where the "middle-class" pilgrims used to stay when they came on pilgrimage to St. Thomas' shrine. From my bedroom window I looked out onto the northern length of the great perpendicular nave and the adjoining cloisters. The beautiful "Bell Harry" tower soared above, a last inspired monument of the medieval synthesis. We rehearsed on the permanent stage of the Chapter House. This, to be honest, was not a very good auditorium. The acoustics were difficult; the lighting was hard to contrive effectively; and the building, which is not particularly interesting in itself, is decorated throughout in a rather finicky, late Gothic style, quite unsuited to the Norman austerity of Eliot's play.

However, there were certain advantages which we were not slow to use. The four knights who murdered Becket thundered upon doors of medieval oak, and entered, as I myself entered, through an audience, many of whom were parishioners of Canterbury Cathedral. And after the martyrdom I was carried out, again through the audience, into the cloisters. The chorus of the Women of Canterbury, types of the medieval poor, preceded me with lighted candles in their hands and singing the Litany of the Saints. At certain intervals they would turn around and

break the familiar sequence of invocation by a *Sancte Thoma, ora pro nobis.* It was a strange and almost fearful sensation to be borne into the summer night and to pass, to this accompaniment of chant, within a few yards of the spot where St. Thomas was martyred. We never afterward, in the many places it was presented, found so moving a conclusion to the play.

In all other respects, however, our performances improved. The Canterbury cast was partly amateur, being made up of the local "Festival" players, assisted by one or two professionals. These did very well, but we naturally got a better balanced production in London. London, nevertheless, was still a long way off. In spite of the critics from the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph,* who made it clear that a work of first-class dramatic importance had appeared, and in spite of Eliot's great reputation, only one manager thought it worth his while to come down to Canterbury. This was Ashley Dukes, London correspondent of the *Theatre Arts Monthly,* who ran a small theater—the Mercury—at Notting Hill Gate. Dukes had already admired the play in reading, and he put it into rehearsal for London production in October of that year, with the same director and a considerably strengthened cast. It was a similar story to *Journey's End*—a story of one wise man among many fools. The wise man had the intelligence to recognize a good thing when he saw it, and he had the courage of his clear convictions.

I have said that the Mercury Theatre was small; it would be more correct to say that it was tiny. Ideal for intimate ballet and drama, it gave you an immediate contact with your audience; you were especially helped by a wide "apron" stage, projecting several feet beyond the proscenium. As at Canterbury, we were able to make several of our entrances through the audience. The success of the play was immediate. Every one of the one hundred and forty seats was filled for months on end. The critics, the intelligentsia, and the general public were equally enthusiastic. As with *Journey's End,* we had expected a *succès d'estime* and a four-weeks' run. In fact, I played the role of Becket seven hundred and fifty times.

It was, of course, a different kind of success. It touched a more limited public, but a large public nevertheless. A good percentage of average, intelligent playgoers; many teachers and students; all those interested in poetic drama; clergy of all denominations—these were some of the groups that filled our theaters throughout the British Isles, and afterward in Boston and New York. It was, in part, a mobilized audience, brought together by a very particular interest in what we were doing. It was more purposeful than the audiences for *Journey's End,* and to that extent less spontaneous. But I think that many who came to be interested remained to be moved.

Although we migrated from the Mercury to a theater in the West End, the play never seemed altogether at ease on our English "Broadway." It had been written for special conditions and I, for one, felt a little freer when those conditions were present. In the summer of 1937 we played it outside the West Front of Tewkesbury Abbey. This was a superb setting. The tremendous Romanesque arch framed the play much better than the Gothic of the Canterbury Chapter House. Here, too, it was possible for Becket to be carried off in procession after the final chorus; but this time it was into the cavernous darkness of the Abbey church, with the candles of the Women of Canterbury wavering slowly down the nave. Historically, Becket was of Norman origin, and I found interesting confirmation of this at Tewkesbury. One afternoon I noticed a bearded figure in a Roman collar sitting in the front benches. After the performance he came up to me as I was leaving the churchyard in my everyday clothes.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said, "I am a Belgian monk, and my name is Thomas Becquet."

ALTHOUGH the success of *Murder in the Cathedral* was more special than that of *Journey's End,* it was certainly more surprising. Here was a play by a difficult author, packed with thought, expressed in unfamiliar rhythms, and illuminated by feeling of a rarity far beyond the experience of the average man. *Journey's End* had succeeded by brilliantly mirroring that experience, but *Murder in the Cathedral* was a challenge to thought and emotion of a very different order.

I cannot pretend that the theme of Christian martyrdom makes an immediate appeal to the English mind, although Becket is a great figure in English history; and I daresay there was much in his advance to glory, as Mr. Eliot saw it, that passed over the heads of our audiences. Yet, no less than *Journey's End, Murder in the Cathedral* was helped by the moment of its presentation. It was a moment when the example of a man who refused to render unto Caesar the things which are God's was a great encouragement to the human spirit. Everyone understood why Becket had chosen to die; everyone could apply the medieval instance to the modern fact. When the four knights were making their Goebbelesque apologia to the audience of an industrial town in northern England, their sophistries were drowned by an angry voice and a heart of oak in the gallery: "Get out; ye gon' an' done it, ye —— murderers."

There was, of course, more in the play than this, as all recognized who brought to the hearing and seeing of it any quality of religious belief. It held depth upon depth of meaning, so that, although I was often physically tired from playing such an exacting part so often, it never ceased to reveal itself afresh. How many parts, outside of the great Shakesperean roles, could one go on playing, on and off, for three years without becoming more or less of an automaton?

I was greatly helped by the variety of audiences we addressed, and I was looking forward, in particular, to a much longer visit in the United States. The Bostonians were remarkable for their quick appreciation and generous enthusiasm, but New York had already seen the W. P. A. production of the play and this cramped our style on Broadway. During our later tours I was engaged in writing my biographical study of Becket and I was stimulated afresh by discovering how closely and faithfully Mr. Eliot had kept to history.

Yet when I last played the part in the excellent production by the Speech and Drama Department of Catholic University, Washington, D. C., I saw things in it which I had not seen before.



HOPE

By

JOHN F. CRONIN

IT WAS once said that our first line of defense is the Rhine. Today it would be more correct to assert that our line of defense is the bread line. When a nation is engaged in a struggle for survival in a world gone mad, morale is often more important than guns. What happened to imperial Rome of old and modern France points an unmistakable lesson. Strong peoples with great armies, but without spirit, have perished.

Yet in recent years the strength of America has been dissipated through the idleness of *unemployment*. This is a fact which we must face manfully and realistically. It is true that some may feel any consideration of this problem to be superfluous at present, on the grounds that rearmament will soon take up the slack of idle men and idle funds. This attitude, however, is not unlike that of the man who refused to repair his roof in fair weather on the grounds that it was unnecessary, and on rainy days because of the inclement weather.

Unemployment means tragedy. It is a death sentence to the hopes of millions; an acid solvent of much that is finest in family life; a corrosive that eats away strength and courage and manliness; a dynamite that may blast away the pillars of democracy. The man without a job is a victim of a social malady as terrible in the realm of the spirit as is the creeping death of cancer in the world of matter.

The victim may be still in the bloom of youth, with high ideals not yet blighted by the frosts of cynicism and sophistication. He looks for work and meets with rebuff after rebuff. His spirits sink. His confidence in himself fades. He dares not face the dread monotony of idleness at home, the persistent unconscious imparting of the notion—even though this would be the last thought of loving parents—that his is a parasitic existence. He migrates to corner gangs, pool rooms, or possibly leaves home for the chimera of the great and distant city. The strong citadel of religious and moral ideals is now battered from without, while it lacks the inner support given to others by the discipline of steady work.

After a few years of this, his spirit may be broken. He is now psychologically unfit for steady work, a man with a deep sickness of the soul which is not easily cured. But to many hasty critics this is accepted as final proof that the unemployed are merely spineless idlers preying on society. The Egyptians of old took away the straw from the people of God and still expected them to make as good bricks as before. We crush the strength of our youth and then complain of their lack of character.

At times the dread sentence falls upon workers with families, often men with long records of dependable work. These men have every incentive to seek steady normal employment, rather than the few pennies given to those on emergency jobs. They may have been, for example, workers in the steel mills whose plants were bought up by large corporations simply to close them down and remove the competition (this happened recently both in Pennsylvania and Ohio). We might well join in spirit a man from such a mill when he enters the house to tell this news to his wife and children. His is now a period of darkness, the cross of weary days spent in tramping the streets looking for work. He must come home, discouraged and hungry, to an ever more meager supper. His spirit gradually breaks as the futility of it all dawns upon him, as he feels ashamed to face his children and confess that he cannot support them; as he sees the last dollar of savings dribble away, his house first mortgaged and then sold, his children going in tatters and the beauty of his wife's countenance bleached away by the ashen lines of worry. In such a man the fury of desperation may lead to crime, to desertion or divorce, to a bitterness in which he curses God and abandons religion, yes, even to self-destruction. Yet on Judgment Day, who will have the greater burden, this victim of society, or we, the complacent ones who passed by our wounded and bruised brother?

No less pitiful is idleness when it rests on the shoulders of those "too

LONG DEFERRED

We Are Faced With the Difficult Problem of Continued Unemployment In Spite of High Industrial Activity

old at forty," cast out by the speed of assembly lines and the inhuman exactions of the machine. The multiplication of Townsend clubs is an indictment on our civilization, for few tribes are so savage that they do not venerate their aged. Yet too often we have found no place for them.

These are the stories behind the cold statistics of seven or eight million unemployed. Only when we can place ourselves in spirit in their place can we hope to appreciate this problem, this national tragedy. Yet, to the amazement of foreigners who visit our shores, this problem has been made a political football, misrepresented, slighted, or even ignored, in the interests of partisan expediency. For example, many Americans still believe that during recent years anyone who really wanted a job could have gotten it. It is still asserted seriously, often by those who should know better, that those on relief are generally parasitic idlers, too lazy to seek a job.

Thousands, who would never dream of calling our sick in the hospitals a class of self-deceived neurasthenics, think little of libeling the victims of social sickness. Usually such charges are based on one or two cases—these rarely known at first hand—which serve as a basis for convenient generalizations. The fact that nearly every state refuses aid to those who turn down reasonable offers of work or who possess other sources of funds, is usually overlooked. In fact, many paradoxically inveigh against the "professionalization of charity," at the same time that they assert that the relief rolls are filled with imposters and deceivers. On the one hand they would give help only to the really destitute, and on the other they complain of the demoralizing rules which compel these unfortunates to part with their homes, savings, and insurance policies, and to seek for sustenance from relatives, before applying for public funds. Here is confusion of thought which reveals how casually we are treating this great blight.

Others do even greater injustice to the jobless by using their plight for partisan purposes. They claim that if some program which they are fostering (for ulterior motives) were to be adopted, unemployment would shortly be a matter of history. Thus, for example, in 1938 the great associations representing most of American business promised re-employment of the idle as soon as the undistributed profits tax was repealed. Their plea was successful. The tax is no more. But unemployment was not abolished in 1938, nor in 1939, nor in 1940.

A similar lighthearted approach is found among those who advocate economy and budget balancing at all costs (save that of higher taxes). Many discuss this question without any reference to the problem of unemployment and economic distress among the farmers (the main occasions of unbalanced budgets). If this aspect is considered, there are those who dismiss it airily by asserting that the restored "confidence" of business will quickly absorb the slack (memories of 1931!). Of course no one contends that public debt is a good thing in itself, but deficits and unemployment are as convex and concave sides of an arc. You cannot straighten the one without correcting the other. Unless people are to starve, they must first get jobs before we take from them their last source of support.

In the light of these facts, it seems evident that something deeper than a casual study of unemployment is necessary. Experts in the field list three major sources of idleness: seasonal changes; depressions; and technological displacement. The first may be dismissed as temporary and relatively unimportant to the nation as a whole. The second may be passed by as irrelevant to 1941 conditions. It may seem rash to assert that we have left behind the depression of the 1930's, but only to those who identify depressions with unemployment. At the time of writing, business output has exceeded the totals of 1929, while profits are soaring to levels rarely exceeded in our history. A situation of this nature can hardly be called a depression in any accepted meaning of the word. Our problem is deeper than this; it is the question of continuing unemployment in spite of high industrial activity.

The crisis in America today is a crisis of technology. The invention of machines and the perfection of management have resulted in the displacement of millions of workers. In addition they have left economists with one of the most difficult social problems faced by our generation. So difficult indeed is this problem that little agreement has been reached even on the fundamental assumptions upon which any solution is to be based. There are those who deny that modern efficiency is costing men jobs. There are others who declare that the asserted benefits of the industrial revolution are illusory; they would scrap the machine and return to more simple ways of life. Between these extremes are scores of divergent viewpoints and programs.

A little reflection, however, would show that much real agreement can be reached as to the causes of this condition and the remedies for it. For example, any serious student of social questions must concede that new processes and more efficient methods of themselves tend to displace labor. Employers do not buy expensive machinery or pay the salaries of efficiency experts with the intention of continuing to pay the same wages per unit of output as before. The examples of *displacement* are too numerous to call for

any proof of this point. On the other hand, one would be blind to the lessons of history were one to ignore the equally startling examples of *replacement* and even *job expansion* occasioned by these same processes. The automobile was a blow to the blacksmith, but it has given millions of jobs in the making of cars and in related industries and services.

Machines give jobs when either of two conditions is fulfilled. The first condition would obtain when an article is produced much more cheaply as a result of new processes. The new product now appeals to a wider market, the industry expands, and workers are taken back. An instance of this would be the mass production automobile in contrast to the custom-made machine. The second instance would comprise new industries, creating an entirely new product and bringing thousands of jobs where none existed before. Here we think of the radio, the motion pictures, the airplane, and the like. Certainly hundreds of thousands working today owe their jobs to the men who invented or designed these products.

Since the beginning of the industrial revolution, the replacement process has generally proceeded at a much faster pace than the displacement. Population has expanded, colonization has gone on incessantly, yet people today generally have far more at their disposal than did their ancestors. Great discoveries like those of the steam engine, the railroad, the electric and internal combustion engines, the automobile, plastics, and new war machines have made possible the enormous forward strides of recent times in our economic life. Yet in a sense—this point is extremely important—much of this has been the result of fortunate accidents. While it is no mere coincidence that expanded markets and new products come from the test tube of the scientist and the surveys of the efficiency expert, yet to a very real extent the two processes are distinct and separable. It is quite conceivable that through saturation of markets or lack of important new products, the displacement process may outstrip the contrary trend that to date has been its antidote. On the day that this becomes a permanent trend, civilization will be facing a new crisis.

We may soon be facing that crisis. Neither of the great safety valves which in the past saved us from disastrous unemployment is working well today. Increases in efficiency have progressed without check, but scores of ingenious artificial barriers have prevented the lowering of prices to accompany lower costs. As a result there has not been the expansion of demand in recent years which the more optimistic theory assumed. Likewise there have been no new inventions comparable to the railroad or the automobile in their life-giving effects on the entire economic system.

Some new products, such as the plastics and other synthetic materials, have merely replaced others without making a notable difference in price to the consumer. Other new industries, such as television, air conditioning, and non-military aviation, have not been important employment factors. There is a need for new housing, but the growth of this industry is bogged down in the mire of high prices. At the present writing, rearmament alone seems to have given us a respite, but we can hardly count upon this as a permanent force. In a few years, America will be ready for war, but will we then be prepared for peace?

To insure jobs for the boys entering high school and college today, we must have a great economic expansion in the next few years. Possibly this may come about through some discovery as yet undreamed of, but we cannot always look for such fortune. The only sure method of expansion lies in the discovery of new markets for the output of our factories. These markets could be found abroad in the rehabilitation of war-torn Europe, or at home in the raising of the living standards of our own people. After the disillusioning experience of foreign investments during the 1920's, we are not likely to take the former path from economic motives, whatever be our decision for reasons of kindness and humanity. The only sound market—judging now by business standards alone—is to be found at home. By satisfying the tremendous latent desires of the "submerged half" we can achieve prosperity and full employment; there is no other path in sight today.

It will be no easy task to cultivate this last remaining market. Millions today are poor customers because they lack the funds for a higher standard of living. Many of them cannot get jobs which would augment their meager incomes. Under our present economic system, these goods cannot be given to those in need, unless we try some immense "two-price" plan similar to that used for disposing of surplus foods (this would be a social experiment of the first magnitude). Given our present method of free capitalist enterprise (probably under it alone will freedom survive) these people can become good customers only when we raise their income. This can be done in three ways: raising wages; shifting tax burdens; or lowering prices.

In recent years, wages have been raised as a result of union contracts and minimum wage laws, although not always to the extent made possible by the increased productive power of labor. There has been some effort to shift taxes to income groups more able to pay, the groups which produce the excess savings which now clutter our financial system. Nevertheless the bulk of taxes is still passed onto the great mass of people who do most of our consuming. Finally, there have been attempts to lower prices where lower costs permit this. A long overdue effort to enforce the antitrust laws has removed some of the "stickiness" from the price structure. Less has been done, however, to lower the costs of getting goods from factory to customer. In spite of our efficiency, it now costs much more to sell the average article than to produce it.

These basic remedies have been treated in a summary manner, as a full article on the economics of national survival is to be written later. The purpose of the present discussion is to show the gravity of the problem of unemployment, in view of the need of unity as a basis of national defense.

America today needs above all a mature, serious consideration of these fundamental problems. There is no place for what is merely partisan, or factional, or selfish. Discussion and criticism today should be carried on in the high plane of a jury debating the question of life or death for a fellow man. In a literal sense, America is on trial today. There is before us the way of life and the way of death. We need in an abundant manner the visitation of the Spirit of Wisdom and Understanding.

Dean O'Sullivan's Dream

By MARGARET L. WHITEHEAD

DURING this month of February 1941, the Catholic press of the world pauses to glance inward at itself. In sounding pulpits and square classrooms, in high-tonnage magazines and obscure weeklies, the Catholic press is defined, praised, criticized, encouraged, admonished.

This year, no review of Catholic press activities will be complete without mention of the Catholic School Press Association. Nor will any litany of Catholic press champions be comprehensive unless the name of J. L. O'Sullivan, founder-director of the Association, is included in the list.

Ten years ago, the Catholic press reviewer might well have elided mention of organizer and organization. Behind the door marked "Office of the Dean" at the Marquette University School of Journalism, Milwaukee, sat a man who was a reactionary against the mood of that day. While others were soaking themselves in the murky waters of pessimism, he was concocting a great optimism. At the hour when dreamers were being banished from the stage, he parted the curtains and made his entrance upon American consciousness as a great dreamer.

Last October, young exponents of the Catholic press, gathered in Milwaukee, heralded the tenth anniversary of the O'Sullivan dream. More than one thousand strong, they were testimony to the success of the venture that was launched in that Milwaukee office in 1931—the Catholic School Press Association. In this third national convention of the Association the colors of the hierarchy flashed against the black robes of religious; the eager eyes of the young were focused upward, centering upon the figures of their great elders of Catholic pressdom who had come to discuss with them the conference theme, "The Press in the World Today." Present were editors of outstanding Catholic publications, teachers in major Catholic universities of the country, and leaders of Catholic action from all sections of the nation.

And, threading a quiet path in and out of the crowd, was the man who was responsible for this milestone occasion in the history of the contemporary Catholic press—Dean J. L. O'Sullivan.

Standing at the entrance to the convention hall, he gave warm, personal welcome to delegates and speakers alike, hundreds of whom knew him at sight. His unique, volcanic laughter vibrated in the halls, and his impressive figure seemed everywhere present. To the unknowing spectator, Dean O'Sullivan might have been a mere onlooker of the spectacle. Yet his were the fingers that ordered its action, minded its minute details, controlled its destiny. Standing apart those days from the surging mob of young Catholic writers, he might have re-visioned the day when this scene was a dream woven in the squared quiet of his sanctum.

It had been a day of despondency, when ideals needed re-definition. It had been a day when Catholic student journalists were following the lead of their non-Catholic contemporaries, because no leadership had been established for the Catholic school press. Dean O'Sullivan had become so closely allied with the interests of the Catholic school press, that he knew its greatest need, at that time, was to become emancipated from the mechanistic organizations of which it had been a small, subdued part. Knowing that the Catholic Church must inevitably lead the world out of chaos, and that the Catholic press would become an instrument of that leadership, he hoped to perform a fourfold service. He hoped to give to student journalists an opportunity for service to the Catholic press; to provide a critical service for Catholic school publications; to co-ordinate and inspire young Catholic writers; and to develop an enlightened public opinion concerning the Catholic press.

Such a venture required courage and faith. Its success was dependent, in large part, on the measure to which its founder was possessed of these qualities. So the history of the Association must necessarily be threaded with the story of its director.

That story had its opening scene on a Kansas farm where Jeremiah O'Sullivan, in company with six brothers and sisters, lived in an environment of Catholic family life. Years before his birth, his Irish father and German mother had settled on a farm in Hutchinson, Kansas. Benedictine-spirited, his father had a dual ideal: prayer and work—the rugged work of the soil and the quiet work of study. By day, he labored in the fields; by night, he read his children French and Spanish fairy tales, sang them the music of Dante words. He studied philosophy and theol-



Dean J. L. O'Sullivan with a group of Catholic students of journalism

ogy while the shadows blackened about his yellow lamp. To his seven children, whose mother had died in their early days, he passed on his passionate devotion to the Church—a devotion that expressed itself in sacrifice, contemplation, and action.

For each of his children, the elder Mr. O'Sullivan provided Catholic high school and college educations. Two of them followed religious vocations and are today Rev. Timothy J. O'Sullivan, pastor at Witchita, Kansas; and Sister Mary Sarita, B.V.M.

One ambition was clear to the young Jeremiah O'Sullivan upon his graduation from St. Benedict's College, where he had attended high school: he desired to become a writer. So in that year, 1910, he entered the Marquette University School of Journalism, which had just opened its doors. From its founder, Father John E. Copus, S.J., he imbibed most of his ideas on the press. In this first Catholic school of journalism in the country, the three original students, as well as the 250 students of today, were taught the importance of zeal, true knowledge, love of truth. In addition to their courses in editing, typography, and news writing, they followed a program of classical study—religion, the arts, philosophy, languages.

During these college years, Dean O'Sullivan worked part-time as writer for the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, one of the city's largest daily newspapers. Upon his graduation from Marquette in 1914, he was employed by the paper as a permanent member of its staff. A short time later, however, he became a correspondent for the United Press, writing at bureaus located in Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Chicago, New York, and Kansas City.

The year 1924 marked a turning point in the career of the young journalist. He was working at that time as chief of the principal bureau of the United Press in New York. There, Father John Danihy, who had become Dean of the Marquette College of Journalism, visited him, and encouraged him to trade the practical for the theoretical in accepting a position as instructor in journalism at Marquette University.

With Dean O'Sullivan's acceptance, the Catholic School Press Association moved a step closer to reality. Working with student journalists in this Catholic university, he saw their needs, their hopes, and their importance in the Catholic press world. He saw, too, that there existed for them only secular press associations, which were exerting pressure upon Catholic schools to follow the trends of their secular contemporaries. He knew that the unique position of the Catholic student press could not be fulfilled by reliance upon the principles—for the most part technical—which were provided them by the secular associations. Catholic student journalists needed definition of their mission and inspiration for their particular work as Catholic writers.

Dean O'Sullivan sensed a problem and sought an answer.

That answer, to him, lay in the establishment of an association through which ideas and ideals might be given flow among Catholic student journalists, and under the aegis of which they might assemble in conventions of their own for the expression and definition of their ideals for the Catholic press.

To him, concomitant of sight was action, so he wrote a letter explaining his answer to the current problem, and sent it to faculty advisers all over the country. Enthusiastic and encouraging were the swift responses, and the Catholic School Press Association went forward into being.

The aims of the Association are essentially the same today as they were in those initial times. Though its membership has grown to include 450 Catholic high schools and colleges, its principles remain unchanged.

The effects of the Association are best measured in a survey of its services to the individual member-schools. First is its inspirational-educational work, carried through two channels. Four times during the scholastic year, the students in each school receive the *Catholic School Editor*, a magazine written expressly for them. In its articles, students find new activity-patterns to follow, inspiration for their work as journalists, and encouragement to become zealous pen-wielders for the press of the Church. The second channel of education and inspiration is the national convention which is held every two years in Milwaukee, when the isolated threads of thought and conduct woven by each school are spun into a tapestry of unity. Representatives from member-schools are sent to these conventions to discuss their problems with outstanding Catholics of the country; and, in alternate years, representatives from various sections are sent to the regional meetings of the Association, held in all parts of the country.

Individual attention is given to each school by means of a critical service, conducted from the Marquette headquarters of the Association. For faculty advisers, beset by the multiple problems of publication, a staff of trained journalists, working with Dean O'Sullivan, offers advice and assistance. Further individual attention is given by means of the survey and rating, through which each paper is judged on a comparative basis, and "All-Catholic" recognition is given to outstanding publications.

Thus is each school encouraged to produce the most excellent Catholic publications. In judging each paper, the critics consider first the extent to which the paper fulfills its mission as a Catholic school publication. Other considerations—of make-up, style, art work, and such—rank low by comparison.

In addition to this service to the school, encouragement is given to its writers to devote their talents with generosity and industry to the field of Catholic writing. To each student who does outstanding work on a Catholic school publication while maintaining high scholastic average, a gold pin or key is awarded by the Association. Beyond this, a writing contest is sponsored each year for the best examples of journalistic work, in accordance with Catholic ideals, in various fields.

So has Dean O'Sullivan's dream been realized. Behind each scene moves the shadow of the dreamer, whose industry, intelligence, and faith have guided the dream to the success it knows today. Recognition has come to the Association in many forms—from the Papal Blessing of Pius XII to the acknowledgment of its importance by the secular press.

Through the efforts of this prime mover, the Catholic school press is now a power of its own. Yet, as Dean O'Sullivan hoped, it is a power behind a power—that of the Catholic press as a whole. The modest, laughing Dean asks no greater realization of his dream.

Philosophy in Current Fiction

By JOHN S. KENNEDY

NO NOVEL is wholly divorced from the civilization in the midst of which it is written. In some measure, it is a reflection of, and commentary on, that civilization. The author may deal deliberately and directly with the problems confronting his generation. Or he may have no such conscious purpose. But, even if he belongs in the second category, echoes of these problems will be heard in his work, just as the cries of street vendors are heard, however faintly, within the walls of a downtown convent.

Moreover, the novelist who has no set purpose of picturing, much less explaining, the pattern of contemporary civilization, may actually do far more in that direction than the concocter of fiction heavy with ideology. For the latter is likely to ride roughshod over fact on a hobbyhorse of his own preconceptions and misconceptions. Hence it is that the proletarian fiction of our day is largely an artificial literature, racking reality on a Procrustean bed of economic and political theory. What it gives us is not a recognizable picture of our era, but a picture of the cramped minds of a few wishful thinkers to whom life always equals merely the square of their own hypothesis.

Each of the novels to be considered in this paper touches upon one or more contemporary problems. Each author's sole concern is not the telling of a story. He writes in the belief that he has, and can give to others through the medium of fiction, the answer, in whole or in part, to the central problem of human life in our age. These novels are not, then, pure fiction. They are, in varying degrees, didactic fiction. They are parables. They must, then, stand scrutiny not only in the light of the canons of art, but also in the light of the canons of philosophy.

Any criticism of these novels limited to literary values would be as inadequate and absurd as criticism of an enemy bomber in action over a defenseless slum limited to consideration of the plane's construction and its crew's skill, apart altogether from the devilish deed being done and the motives behind it. In what follows, literary values will not be ignored, but greater stress will be laid upon philosophical content. In using this critical scale we shall simply be following the authors' lead.

I shall first list the books to be treated and indicate, as well as may be done in a brief phrase, the philosophy which is exemplified in each.

Babes in the Darkling Wood by H. G. Wells: pan-Wellsianism.

Count Ten by Hans Otto Storm: rational, unsentimental practicality.

The Voyage by Charles Morgan: naturalism.

The Life of My Mother by Oskar Maria Graf: liberalism.

Invitation to Live by Lloyd C. Douglas: humanitarianism.

Moscow 1979 by Christiane and Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn: supernaturalized humanism.

Embezzled Heaven by Franz Werfel: adjustment to what is permanent.

While reading his *Babes in the Darkling Wood,* I wondered why Mr. Wells had this time served up the rancid stew of his familiar obsessions in the form of a novel. The reason is simple. In fiction Mr. Wells can make his ideas work. All his writings are works of imagination, but it is only an avowedly fictional piece which can escape challenge on the ground that there is no evidence that its impotent theories are operable.



H. G. Wells has served up a rancid stew of his obsessions in the form of a novel

This is the story of Gemini and Stella, a pair of youthful lovers who at once win the reader by their ingenuous announcement, "We are of outstanding intelligence." They are spending a week together, living in what for Mr. Wells is holy unwedlock. Their stupid, reactionary relatives expel them from their paradise. However, they resolve to work for a bright and abiding new world of materialism and atheism, which will be brought about by the elimination of ignorance, not their own, which herculean task would require an enormously extended lifetime, but other people's. Other people's ignorance consists in divagations from the word of Wells.

Stella begins a course of study at Cambridge under the direction of her sententious Uncle Robert. Gemini goes into the war zone in the role of observer. He disappears. When located, he is paralyzed physically and mentally (a distinction, by the way, which Mr. Wells would not allow). Uncle Robert, employing some quackery called psychosynthesis, effects a partial cure; Stella's powers of seduction do the rest. Reunited, the young people resume their undertaking to save the world. Curiously enough, this undertaking will be along the lines laid down by Mr. Wells in *The Fate of Man* and *The New World Order.*

Both the story and the pseudo-intellectual claptrap for which it is a vehicle have all the warmth, quivering urgency, and significance of a mackerel three weeks dead.

The main body of Mr. Wells' philosophy as revealed in this book is a conglomeration of choleric prejudices against things which he just does not understand. It is largely

negative. What is positive in it is an enthusiasm for spurious nostrums which will cure the world's ailments about as effectively as bicarbonate will cure stomach cancer. We have space here for consideration of but three things recommended by Mr. Wells in *Babes in the Darkling Wood* for ushering in his Utopia.



Christiane and Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn give a jolt to Catholics in "Moscow 1979"

One is semantics. There is nothing wrong with semantics, the science of meaning, so long as one does not make it the whole of philosophy. It has its place and should be kept in its place. In this book, Mr. Wells tramples in elephantine fury upon classical education. Which makes very pertinent the quotation here of a statement in Mortimer Adler's *How To Read a Book:* "It is interesting that, just about the time when grammar has almost dropped out of the grammar school, and when logic is a course taken by a few college students, these studies of semantics should be revived in the graduate school with a great fanfare of original discovery."

A second is behavioristic psychology. Mr. Wells certainly does not thoroughly understand the theories he is here advocating. Again, he is more than a little late for the bus. Behaviorism has seen its palmiest days, and is now largely discredited, at least in the form which Mr. Wells has got hold of. The great futurist is, in this instance, far behind the times.

A third is the reverently unveiled new treatment known as psychosynthesis. This turns out to be just a bastard offspring of Freudianism. Mr. Wells admires Freud. He agrees that "sex is the quintessence of life." Does he prove it? Of course not. This is just another of those vaporous generalities that he gets off as nonchalantly as a chef flips pancakes. To repeat, sex is the quintessence of life. Thus Freud and Wells. But, says the latter, what is wanted is not psychoanalysis, but psychosynthesis. For there is no such thing as a *psyche* to analyze, no such thing in human nature as a permanent core of personality. Rather, every man is merely a neuro-sensitive apparatus, a series of transient selves, "a collection of mutually replaceable individual systems held together in a common habitation." To co-ordinate them is the function of psychosynthesis which Mr. Wells, with characteristic self-depreciation, calls a "tremendous new system of thought." It is no such thing; call it rather a pompous restatement of an old error, which in the past has gone under such names as Sensism, Associationism, Phenomenalism.

What stands out in my recollection of *Babes in the Darkling Wood* is the book's contribution to the evidence, long accumulating, of a misanthropic streak in Mr. Wells. For pages he argues that the fate of the nameless little people wiped out in air raids matters not at all. "A beautiful picture defaced or a lovely building wrecked . . . can be just as horrifying as any of these living casualties. Just as horrifying. More so. Ask any cultivated person who tells the truth whether he'd rather see Leonardo's Mona Lisa destroyed or half a dozen babies."

Hear, O world, the voice of your prophet!

The theme of Hans Otto Storm's *Count Ten* is the achievement of "wholeness of self." This is an admirable objective, but as it is achieved in this novel it involves the elimination of the most important elements in the human self. If a sculptor's purpose is the modeling of the human figure, he cannot be said to have succeeded when he has fashioned no more than a perfectly formed little toe.

The protagonist of *Count Ten* is Eric Marsden, whom we meet as a boy and follow until he comes within sight of middle age. He is the son of a smugly agnostic father. Marsden Senior thinks himself a supremely reasonable being, "not as other men." He mistakes an anthill for Everest and prides himself on being the only one to have scaled the towering peak. He has a drastically truncated conception of human nature and human life. Like the spokesmen of Mr. Wells, he abominates what he cannot understand. He rejects as myths conceptions, such as those of dogmatic religion, which he cannot work out in simple arithmetic. The boy patterns himself on his father.

With the death of his parents, Eric begins the round of experience which shapes his character. He has the principles; now he must put them to use under fire. His experiences include extensive wandering, the learning of many mechanical skills, contact with a variety of men, familiar knowledge of several women, participation in different kinds of social conflict, and introduction to a number of strata of society.

The author is apparently satisfied that, as we leave Eric on page 623, he has arrived at "wholeness of self." But, to take but one bit of evidence to the contrary, he is no nearer to an understanding of death than he was when we met him. His father dies early in the book. Eric and his mother accept this as a fact in much the same way as they would accept the falling of leaves as a fact. It has no more significance. They accept it and forget it. At the book's close Eric is visiting the grave of his Mexican wife. But death means no

more to him now than it did in his boyhood.

Yet how could he learn wisdom, with his mind firmly shut against it? For him, as for his father, religion is so much superstition. They discard the Ten Commandments, substituting for them twenty-nine commandments of their own formulation, twenty-nine commandments given on the Sinai of self-satisfied ignorance.

Whereas religion is dismissed as of no account, sex becomes a religion. Here is the grossest kind of superstition: the substitution of a part for the whole.

Eric Marsden, considered by some Mr. Storm's greatest creation to date, reminds me of Hamlet's words, "I have thought that some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

Charles Morgan has a reputation for profundity of thought. His work is credited with a mystical quality, when all it is, is mistical. In *The Voyage* he gives us Barbet Hazard and Thérèse Despreux. The former is a vine-grower, a countryman who communes with nature and strives for "a calm and passionate acceptance of unity within the ultimate unity of all sentient creatures." Thérèse is an illegitimate child, violent, greedy, a "plain, hungry animal." She is the daughter of a priest, "the emblem of what earthly happiness he had known" and "the vindication of his manhood." An object of contempt in the provincial neighborhood where she and Barbet live, she is consumed with ambition for fame as an actress. Using whatever means come to hand, she becomes the darling of Paris, a *diseuse* who delights and torments.

Each embarks on a voyage of the spirit. Its goal is "the fulness of personality." Mr. Morgan is, in some respects, more fastidious than Mr. Storm. There is an aura of spiritualism about his story which one does not find in Mr. Storm's. But it is a factitious spiritualism, standing in relation to the real thing as Woolworth perfume does to Chanel's.

Barbet and Thérèse reach their goals simply by being themselves, disregarding everything save the promptings of the instinct which each has for his own kind of integrity. Barbet has prisoners in his charge. He feels that he is their prisoner rather than their jailer. He does not resign his position when it becomes intolerable. Rather, he frees the prisoners, something he has no authority to do, something which is a menace to the community. The action was somehow inevitable. It sets him free, so that, although later jailed himself, the doors open before him and he walks out unmolested.

Thérèse achieves integrity, partially through sexual promiscuity. She takes lovers as casually as one takes an aspirin tablet. All this is a novitiate for her climactic love of Barbet, a preparation for a perfect union, physically and spiritually: physically, because "to love is an art" and "an amateur does not produce a masterpiece"; spiritually, because love and "fidelity of body" have nothing in common.

The naturalism of Barbet and Thérèse is the very philosophy of "the reason in the blood" to which the Nazis subscribe. In despite of the corruption of human nature by original sin, its very essence is the conviction that, left to itself, unhampered by morality, human nature works out its own salvation. Mr. Morgan may clothe it in the sheep's clothing of high-sounding language, but it remains fallacious and dangerous.



Franz Werfel's novel "Embezzled Heaven" is a fascinating story on a theme quite unfamiliar

In Oskar Maria Graf's *The Life of My Mother* there are two philosophical strains. The first, personified in the character of the author's mother, is patience under trial with trust in God and in people that evil will pass away. The second, exemplified in the author's own story, is faith in modern liberalism. The book recounts, in exhaustive detail, the life of Tessa Heimrath, who was born in a Bavarian village in 1857 and died in 1934.

Tessa was a Catholic. Her son did not follow her in that. He reveals little understanding of Catholicism, less sympathy. For him piety and bigotry are synonymous, this obviously because of the Catholic principle that mutually contradictory propositions cannot both be true. A high form of piety, such as is found in a convent, is, he suggests, somewhat akin to insanity. A strict Catholic is likely to be a simpleton. The son, then, is liberated from the narrow superstition which held his mother in its grip. He is so much liberated that, at the book's close, he confesses a feeling of admiration for Soviet Russia.

One has to piece together Mr. Graf's liberalist creed from stray bits scattered here and there in the book. Like many of his generation and mentality, Mr. Graf seems to despond when confronted with the evils of Nazism. They did not greatly upset Tessa. For, simple though she was, she had confidence that these evils, like others before them, would pass away.

I include here, as based on a fundamentally false philosophy, Lloyd C. Douglas' inspirational romances, specifically his latest, *Invitation to Live*. This may arouse the wrath of those who think well of the Douglas' stories because they are free of immorality, "have done much good," show life as not wholly or mostly tawdry, and picture a Christian clergyman as a force for good in the lives of moderns.

In rebuttal, let me take that last point. The clergyman, Dean Harcourt, who dominates *Invitation to Live* as he has many another jerry-built Douglas novel, is a formidable compound of omniscience and persuasiveness. How Christian he is, I do not find it easy to say. The excerpts from his sermons given in this book reflect a humanitarian philosophy, which, while far from being at odds with Christianity, certainly is only a scrap or a shadow of the essence of Christianity. There is no hint of the supernatural about it. Dean Harcourt might as well be merely a shrewd and suave psychia-

trist. What authority he has, is his own. Call it what you will, magnetism or the power of suggestion or common sense plus eloquence, it is largely an accident of personality.

In *Invitation to Live* there comes to the Dean a wealthy young girl who is disturbed by a sermon in which he said that the rich can never be sure their friends value them for themselves rather than for their money. At his suggestion, she changes satins for ginghams, alters her name, and goes off in a wheezy jalopy to discover whether she can make friends of poor people who think her one of themselves.

This expedition in circumspect slumming does not take her to the dust bowl, among sharecroppers. Not at all. She goes to what seems to be the biggest and most prosperous farm on the North American continent. There she meets a young man, as handsome as she is beautiful, who is, at the Dean's advice, carrying on a similar masquerade. They fall in love, but there is a veil of sorrow over their joy, for each supposed the other thinks he or she is penniless. Do you follow me?

The complications resultant from this situation are as suspenseful as the outcome of an encounter between a very large cat and a very small mouse. In a deplorably bad style, to the accompaniment of humor which takes the form of arthritic whimsy, this barren story meanders to its insignificant conclusion. It poses no real problems; it solves none. Its problems are set-ups. If anyone thinks that this kind of thing is a dramatization of what Christianity can do for the world, he knows neither the way of the world nor the content of Christianity.

But the authors of *Moscow 1979* do. They are Christiane and Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. They may not have a tithe of the technical skill of some other novelists considered in this paper, but their grasp on spiritual reality is incomparably more acute and profound. The time of their story is the future (the not too distant future, incidentally). The place is the capital of the Soviet Union. Collectivism is dominant in the old world. Another form of materialism, superficially different but actually quite as bad, holds sway in America. The Pope is a Filipino; his headquarters are in San Francisco.

Ulyan Krasnaznamiev, the central figure, was by birth an American and a Catholic. He deserted both his faith and native land, and came to Russia, an enthusiastic convert to collectivism. He rose to a position of prominence. But the awful anti-human character of Soviet materialism destroyed his new faith and revealed, as only an antinomy can, the worth of his former faith. Secretly he returns to Catholicism; secretly he has himself ordained a priest. In time he becomes an archbishop with jurisdiction over the Soviet domain. At the Pope's command he retains his position in the Communist hierarchy in order to supply the Vatican with information which no one else can get. He does what he can to win converts. But he is troubled by his lack of zeal, by his niggardly cautiousness, by the aridity of his soul, by the nihilism which is laying waste millions of souls about him, by the Vatican's gathering suspicion of him. After a series of harrowing adventures, after seizures of weakness, he declares his Catholicism when put to the test and dies a witness to the faith.

Though the elements of the story are charged with drama, the execution is often far from skillful. But what any thoughtful reader will remember from this recital of horrors is that the authors have a keen sense of the reality of evil. They make us see it, smell it. Their portrait of the devil is convincing. Best of all, they vividly convey the truth, that capital truth, which the world, even in its present agony, will not admit: that materialism, the denial of the spiritual, inescapably ends in nihilism, utter, bleak, soul-shriveling nothingness. The alternative to this anti-human deviltry is, of course, Catholicism. But the authors quite properly give a jolt to Catholics who think that conformity is enough. Nothing short of being afire with the spirit of Christ will meet the implications of our faith.

The best of all the novels which concern us now is Franz Werfel's *Embezzled Heaven*. It is a fascinating story on a theme quite unfamiliar. Teta Linek was an excellent cook, employed by a series of Austrian families. She had grown old in service, but had never become a part of her masters' families as many veteran servants do. She was secretive, one might almost say crafty. Her absorbing concern was the salvation of her soul. The working out of her salvation seems to have been to her a game between herself and God, a game in which there might be sharp practice on either side. She was none too certain of the game's outcome until she hit upon the plan of educating an unprepossessing nephew for the priesthood.

He seemed indifferent to the project and possessed of few, if any, qualifications for ordination. By dint of hard work and painful economy she would manage his reaching the altar. Then he would be her own private mediator with God. Thus she would buy her way into heaven. How her plans go awry makes a subtly wrought story. The best thing about it is that, upon discovering that she has been duped, her precious plan has been shattered, that her salvation is by no means assured, Teta then, laboriously and in sorrow, learns true wisdom. Many a novelist would have cut his narrative short with Teta's discovery of her nephew's swindle. That would make an abrupt, ironic close. But Mr. Werfel is not concerned with tricks. He is concerned with truth.

Mr. Werfel is a Jew who according to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, has been converted to Catholicism. This fact I have been unable to verify. At any rate, he agrees with the Church's diagnosis of the world's present illness. It results, he says, from "a spiritual eclipse," from adherence to the philosophy which explains "man exclusively on the basis of the things by which he is conditioned and hemmed in," from the "polyp-like determinism which holds . . . mankind in its throttling embrace." This philosophy ineluctably tends "to betray the divinity and freedom of our souls." Teta's secret lay in this: that "her whole life was adjusted solely with regard to that which is permanent." It is an open secret. When are we going to learn it?

I like to visualize a circle of distinguished figures grouped about Teta Linek, listening and learning. The circle includes H. G. Wells, Hans Otto Storm, Charles Morgan, Oskar Maria Graf, and Lloyd C. Douglas. They have everything to learn from her, and I don't mean how to cook.

English Catholics and the War

In the Movement Known as the Sword of the Spirit, English Catholics Pledge Themselves to Fight for Victory and After Victory for a Return to Christian Principles

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

THE most notable development in Catholic Action in England in the last few months is beyond question the launching, under the patronage of Cardinal Hinsley, of the movement of the Sword of the Spirit. Without entering upon any controversial questions it cannot be denied that the present troubles of Europe and the world are due, at large, to the abandonment of Christian standards of faith and conduct. Every country has been guilty of grave sin. Nevertheless, few qualities are less valuable in this world than that false broad-mindedness which, under the excuse that there are faults on both sides, excuses itself from the duty of judgment and consequently of inconvenient action. We must understand and sincerely confess our own sins. It is quite arguable that had it not been for certain faults of our and of other countries in the past, the present situation would never have arisen. It is important to consider how far this is true, although such consideration is of secondary importance.

The truth of primary importance is that the present situation does exist. A Power whose declared and fundamental purpose is, in the Holy Father's own words, the destruction of religion, is hurling itself against a Power which stands, whatever its faults, for a regime of freedom for the Christian religion. In such circumstances the promoters of the Sword of the Spirit, like the overwhelming majority of English Catholics, have no doubt at all, not merely that it is legitimate for them to support their Government in the present war, but that it is their highest Christian duty to support it with every energy of which they are capable.

It is sometimes objected that the victory will be used by the British for selfish imperialistic purposes, or by the capitalists in order to perpetuate themselves in power. Such things are obviously possible. Yet the argument that immediate and certain evil is not to be resisted because of a hypothetical possibility that those who conquer will misuse their victory is clearly an impossible one which, if valid, could be used against any sort of action in any sort of circumstances. Yet, though we do not admit that the objector has shown the war to be illegitimate, we are quite prepared to admit the reality of the danger against which he warns us, and to admit that it is our duty as Catholics to guard against it. Therefore the Sword of the Spirit, while calling for support of the war, calls also upon its members to dedicate themselves to the task of seeing that the victory is not unworthily misused and that it is followed by a reconstruction of the society of England and of Europe upon true Christian principles.



Cardinal Hinsley

It is, as it is intended to be, an ambitious program. No Catholic can be such a fool as to expect that it will be wholly realized without any disappointment. The notion that Utopia can be easily ushered in by passing a few acts or a few resolutions is not a Catholic idea. There remains always the obstinate obstacle of original sin. Nevertheless, nothing is achieved if the highest is not attempted. Low aims result in yet lower accomplishments.

The Sword of the Spirit is then, to quote its own manifesto, "a campaign of prayer, study, and action." Its contention is that "the Nazi way of life, like all other Totalitarianisms, denies all the natural rights that Christianity upholds—the rights of God, of man, of the family, of minorities, of dependent peoples." It is its determination that "we will therefore fight for our cause till victory" and that "after victory the reconstruction of Europe must be based upon sane, natural, and Christian principles."

The movement is under the directing guidance of Mr. Christopher Dawson, who has stated its principles in the *Dublin Review*. It is under the patronage of Cardinal Hinsley, who gave the address at the meeting at which it was launched. It is intended to follow up the inaugural meeting with local meetings, large or small, in all parts of the country, arranged as may be convenient either directly under the auspices of the Sword of the Spirit or through such Catholic societies as may be willing to co-operate. An approved panel of speakers has already been drawn up by the executive, members of which will be selected for the meetings that are arranged. Retreats will also be held whenever possible, and there has already been a short day of recollection at the Holy Child Convent, which was conducted by Father Gervase Mathew, O.P., brother of

Bishop Mathew, the Bishop of Aelia. Pamphlets by well-known writers have already been issued, and others are planned.

Every actual situation in the world has its peculiar spiritual temptations. There is little doubt what is the especial temptation for the English people at the moment, or at the least will be in the near future. The danger that victory will be exploited by rich men in order to keep themselves in the saddle is not a very great one, for the simple reason that whatever the intentions of the rich, it is fairly certain that they will have lost their money before victory is achieved. The number of people who would like things to go on just as they were before may or may not be large, but it is certain that in fact things will not go on thus.

THE danger is the national one. It is one to which it may, at such a moment as this, seem a little ungracious to call attention, and which it is perhaps easier to discuss with objective impartiality before an American rather than an English audience. The war, as I write, is very far from being over and none doubt that heavy trials still await us. At the same time, with every day that passes, the number of those, whether inside or outside Britain, who doubt Britain's eventual victory, grows less. The effect of the turn of the tide on the British character has been a marked one, and is likely to be more marked still before all is finished.

The British people emerged from the last war determined that such things should never happen again. They were prepared to make sacrifices for peace and believed, to begin with, that they were somewhat idealistic in doing so. Then during the years of the "appeasement" policies they were liberally criticized both by their totalitarian foes and by disappointed supporters of collective security. These two groups of critics, unlike in all other things, were united in telling the British that there was nothing at all idealistic in their love of peace. They wanted peace merely because they were decadent and lazy, and had sacrificed the finer things of the spirit to their love of comfort.

Such was the language that was freely used. It was so freely used that the British, who are not good at self-analysis, had come to have a sneaking suspicion that it was perhaps true. It had become fashionable, and almost a sign of broad-mindedness, to agree that the British supremacy in the world of the nineteenth century was the result of some economic accidents which could not recur and that it was child's folly to believe that there was any peculiar virtue or strength in the British character which brought to them their reward of Empire.

Now all that has most remarkably changed. The British people have a feeling that they were led into war, most woefully ill-prepared for it, and that their politicians have indeed much to answer for. But, as for their own valor, they feel that they have proved themselves. They have proved that they can take it—and take it quite easily. The so-called horrors of modern war have been shown to be greatly exaggerated. It is not half as bad as it has been painted.

Then they look to the nations of the Continent of Europe. We need not argue whether the comparison is a fair one or not, for my purpose at the moment is not so much to defend the Englishman's spiritual state as to describe it. Obviously the people of the different nations had each their separate problem to face, which makes any simple computation of their relative courage an impossibility. But it is easy enough to understand how the English man-in-the-street—or man, perhaps we should say, in-the-air-raid-shelter—interprets the situation in all crudity. The British, he says, have had the guts to stand up to Hitler, where others—not least some of those who had been loudest in other days in criticism of British appeasement—had not such guts. The terrors which, when he has to face them, he finds to be little more than minor inconveniences, were apparently sufficient to frighten the life out of other people.

It is not surprising that this story—or at least the story thus understood—should have given the British for the moment a very good conceit of themselves. Stories about the virtue and valor of the Continental nations, which they were half-beginning to believe, have been discarded as completely as has the lurking fear that they themselves were decadent. They think that it has now been proved a fact that Englishmen are tougher than other people.

Now, as I say, I am not concerned to discuss how far this estimate of himself by the Englishman is justified. I am concerned only to give a warning, and it is obvious enough that, whether it be objectively justified or not, it is most certainly an attitude that carries with it its own spiritual dangers. In the first place it is still far from certain what will be the effect of this war upon England's Catholicism, and indeed upon the world's Catholicism. Up till the Italian entry into the war, the Catholic and Vatican position was comparatively simple. It has been far from simple since, and there is no use in shutting our eyes to the fact that the Vatican does not today hold that position of spiritual pre-eminence in England's non-Catholic world which it was able to gain during the pontificate of Pius XI and to hold during the first year of the pontificate of Pius XII.

I pass no judgment concerning the reason. I state a fact. And, that being the fact, it is by no means impossible that the revival of British self-confidence may take a very aggressively Protestant form. It is true that the only Continental nation which is at the moment at all highly regarded by the British is the Polish. The Poles happen to be a strongly Catholic people, but it is doubtful whether a large proportion of the British people are even aware of the fact. Nor, if they were aware of it, would they much regard it. If anything they would argue that the nation's Catholicism was probably responsible for the incompetence of those in high places and that the toughness of the individual soldiers came from the people's inherent guts.

HOWEVER that may be, the fact remains that, with the exception of Poland, the general record of Catholics throughout the various countries is not such as enormously to appeal to a people passionately convinced of the rightness of their cause, congenitally prejudiced against Catholicism, prepared perhaps to abate their prejudice in face of overwhelming reason. The record is not a clear one, one way or the other. If, for instance, Generals Pétain and Weygand are Catholics, so too, is General de Gaulle. Yet there is nothing clear enough to convince a Protestant people that there is any-

thing in Catholicism which in itself makes for virtue.

On the other hand there is a great deal in this wonderful world to convince them of the existence of an over-riding and beneficent Providence and of the necessity of conforming their ways to His ways more closely than they have in the past. That being so, what we are already beginning to see and what we are likely to see in growing strength, is a very vigorous Protestant revival—a revival of religious habits which, if not exactly the same as those of old Protestantism, will at any rate claim continuity with them. We Catholics, both in England and other countries, had perhaps fallen a little too complacently into the habit of talking of Protestantism as a spent force. It only continued, in so far as it did continue—we told ourselves, because

"Dead things cannot die."

All that must now be changed. We must adjust ourselves to the coming Protestant revival.

Naturally, I am not concerned to defend the Englishman's anti-Catholic prejudice—the product of four hundred years of tortuous history. Nor am I concerned, to examine how far his judgments on the inhabitants of Europe, Catholic or otherwise, are justified. Nor again need we enter into the question of whether the Protestant revival will be on balance a good thing or a bad thing. It will clearly have in it elements both of good and of bad.

AGAIN, unless for some reason the situation should unfortunately deteriorate, there is no reason to fear that this Protestantism will take a violently anti-Catholic form. The ordinary Englishman will go about his business, even more profoundly convinced than he is at present that he who submits his conscience to the priest is thereby degraded. At the same time, while having no intention of listening to Catholic propaganda, he will have as little intention of violently interfering with it—so long, at least, as it does not show signs of sweeping the country, of which there is in the present atmosphere very little human chance.

What is the answer to all this? There is to my mind very little doubt what the answer is. It is all very well to declaim against anti Catholic prejudice. Such prejudice does most certainly exist in England, as in other countries, and where we hear a Catholic belief misrepresented or an individual Catholic maligned, it is right to correct the misrepresentation or the slander. But that is, after all, but negative work that does not get us very much further. Whether particular attacks be true or false, we should learn the lesson that we have all of us been much too ready to assume that individual Catholic politicians or Catholic political parties in distant lands, of which we knew little, were necessarily in the right in every chance controversy simply because they were Catholic. Alas, that is very far from being so. The experience of Catholic regimes and Catholic parties in recent years has not been on the whole a happy one, and, for the near future at any rate, the less that is heard of them probably the better it will be.

It is clear that the real answer to anti-Catholic prejudice is not in the refutation of particular libels but in example. Catholics are compelled by their principles to repudiate the extreme solution of Communism, but they must be careful, while repudiating Communism, to combine their repudiation with an advocacy of their own positive solution. They must be careful, too, to avoid the very easy and dangerous error of attaching a label of Communism to all sorts of solutions which they may happen, rightly or wrongly, to dislike but which are not themselves Communism. It is easy to say that prejudice is so ingrained that demonstration will not be strong enough to remove it. It may be so, but it will be time enough to talk thus when every cause for misunderstanding which we can give has been removed. As long as our own shortcomings are still manifest to the world, it is a little perverse to say that our enemies hate us for our virtues rather than for our vices.

Therefore, it must be the first task of the Sword of the Spirit, as of all other Catholic organizations, to see to it that Catholics play as full a part as possible in every activity of social reform that is called for in the rebuilding of the country after the war. I say, as full a part as possible. I had almost written, as "prominent" a part as possible. But "prominent" would not have been quite right. "Prominent" would have implied that we make it our first concern to see that we have our share of the influential positions. That, on the contrary, must be a very secondary concern. It may well be that the atmosphere of the future will be, as indeed the atmosphere of the present to some extent is, such that it will be possible to get Catholic things done, so long as non-Catholics are allowed to take the credit. We must be prepared for that, should the necessity demand it. What is important is that the Catholics should have their proportion in the ranks of those who are doing the actual work.

The Popes in their encyclicals have laid down for us most clearly the principles by which our social reforms should be guided. The failures, if failure there be, are in the practice of individual Catholics. Yet, at the same time, the Church is of course a free society. Laying down the principles, barring us off from certain extreme solutions, she yet deliberately leaves a large field of freedom, wherein we have a right, and indeed a duty, to decide for ourselves which solution is the most desirable.

SO LONG as we are united on the fundamentals, it is no sign at all of lack of health that Catholics should honestly differ from one another concerning which is the better among competing, legitimate solutions for a particular practical policy. On the contrary, it is all to the good that they should do so, all to the good that they should join such political parties as are legitimate and play their part in the controversies, dealing hearty blows, but careful only to preserve the laws of charity and truth and to remember that the party is not an end but merely a means for the promotion of the general good. They must live in this spirit themselves and must endeavor to infect their party with that same spirit.

That being so, it is no object of the Sword of the Spirit to impose itself on English life as a new political party. It is its object to galvanize Catholics into action so that they may play their part in the gigantic period of social reform which is now most surely before us. Doing so, if they fail to remove prejudice, they will at least remove cause for prejudice—which is as much as it is in their power to do.

MY LOVE Forever

"LET me carry your books, Maura," he said.

Her black eyes were vague as she looked at him. "I—I promised to let Joe carry them," she said, and away she went.

That was the way of it always. Oh, Maura was pleasant enough to Vincent Kane, but that was all, and he belonged to her, heart and soul, right from the first. Everyone knew it but Maura, and maybe she knew it too. Some said she just didn't care, and others said she couldn't. As for myself, I was bitter against her with her cloudy black hair and soft voice.

Vincent would run his hands nervously through his light brown thatch if he caught Maura walking home with another boy, and there'd be a cloud of worry in his serious, gray eyes.

As the two grew older, he had trouble enough on his mind, for Maura Vaun was popular, and she could get a new dance partner or escort easily and often enough with but a quick side glance and an equally quick shadow of a smile that was soft and shy, or subtle with devilment, depending on which side of the fence you were on.

"Don't be worrying about her!" I told him hotly one day. "She's a flirt. No one's important to her but herself. Get another girl, Vincent. You'll never get Maura!"

He wouldn't speak to me for a whole month after that, and the two of us rooming together, too! I learned to hold my tongue as a consequence. Whether he ever got Maura or not, she certainly had him, and there was no way out of it. All I could do was fear for the future.

Vincent thawed out again finally, so that we could talk about her once more. That always helped him.

"Tonight she's going out with Milton Cooper," he said. "I wanted to take her to the dance myself, but Milton had asked first, and all the rest of the week she's dated up. Next Sunday, though—next Sunday morning I'm taking her to Mass."

"Probably you're the only one of her gang who goes to Mass," I thought, but I didn't say it. I knew better. "She's very popular," I ventured cautiously. "It must be hard on a girl."

"It is," he agreed, "and she doesn't like the life. She'd rather live in a small place in the country and grow flowers and the like."

I felt like laughing, but again I controlled myself. If Maura had told him that, it was just a line. Vincent was the one who wanted the countryside. He was the one who had jumped from an orphanage into a cramped city apartment. I could see him out in the wide open spaces, but I certainly couldn't picture Maura among the birds, bees, butterflies, and poison ivy.

He must have seen the strained look in my eyes and guessed what I was thinking. "No matter what you think about her, Bill," he said, ruffling his hair, "I'll love her forever."

I wanted to shake Maura for what she was doing to Vincent. At times I almost hated the girl. I was thinking about her one Tuesday evening on my way home from the office when little Pierre Bernay toddled into the street into the path of a speeding car. The car swerved, grazed the baby and sped on.

By the time I reached the scene, Maura Vaun was there, cradling Pierre in her arms and rocking back and forth. His leg was bleeding badly and Maura's blue suit was ruined, but she didn't care. She kept soothing the little one with a soft French sing-song, and if it had been the O'Byrne youngster, no doubt she'd have been singing in old Irish.

When I came up she stopped crooning and said angrily: "They—they didn't even stop! I couldn't get their number, either. Call the police, Bill! Call an ambulance!"

Marie Bernay, the baby's mother, ran screaming into the street, and I rushed into the nearest house to phone. Then I rejoined Maura.

We both went to the hospital with Mrs. Bernay, Maura refusing to leave at all until she was sure little Pierre was in no danger.

I stayed with her, of course. I knew Vincent would like that, and anyhow, I wasn't so bitter toward Maura now. I was beginning to understand how Vincent could be in love with her. She had been different with the baby. She had been sweet.

When I told Vincent about the accident, he said quietly, "Maura's crazy about children. She's as happy as a starling when she's around them."

I didn't think much about the remark then, but it came to mind later.

One rainy, blowy afternoon I found Vincent home before me. He was turning a thick envelope over and over, and I noticed there was one exactly like it on the table for me. I felt sort of funny inside. I thought it was going to be Maura's wedding announcement, though I didn't know in the least which of the many men she knew she might be marrying.

"That's what I thought it was, too," Vincent said uncannily. "Some of these days we'll be getting a wedding announcement from Maura, but this isn't the day. I've opened mine and it's an invitation to a dance at Alice Houston's."

"Darn you," I said, my voice sharp with annoyance, "warn a chap when you're mind-reading!"

He grinned. "Whose tie are you going to wear—mine or yours?"

"Mine," I mumbled, "if I can beat you to it."

Maura came to the Houston dance with Malcolm Ogilvie.

"If there's safety in numbers, I haven't a thing to fret about," Vin-

A story by F. B. Russell ILLUSTRATOR J. H. S. TUSHBULL



"How many can we support?" she asked, looking at Vincent

cent said. "What do you suppose there is about him that she likes?"

"Blue eyes, black hair, and broad shoulders," I offered.

"I have broad shoulders," he answered, his gray eyes filled with a brave good humor that I felt certain would keep him going when Maura did finally decide to marry someone else.

Malcolm Ogilvie didn't have Maura to himself for long. Bob Kendall whisked her away, and Hal Peyton cut in. She didn't dance twice with anyone all evening. Vincent cut in once and they danced together three whole seconds.

He walked over to me ruefully. "The stupid, peasant boy would have to pick on the lovely Crown Princess," he said.

"You're no more of a peasant than she is!" I snapped loyally.

"It was just a figure of speech," he said soothingly, "just a figure of speech."

"There's Mary Cox, Melissa Baird, and Ellen Richards," I suggested hopefully. "They're pretty girls, and—"

"And I'm going to dance with each of them," he said. "That's why Alice invited me here, and you'd better get busy too."

Maura was dancing with Ford Henson, a fellow I'd met once and didn't like. When the music stopped, I was all the way across the room from them, but Vincent had joined a small cluster which included Maura, Ford, Alice, and a few others.

Ford said something, and laughter sounded. Maura didn't laugh, nor did Vincent. His fist shot out and Ford reeled backward. I couldn't hear very well, but I could see Vincent's face and it was deathly white.

By that time I had reached the huddle.

"I didn't ask you here to start a riot, Vincent Kane," Alice Houston said angrily. "You owe Ford an apology, and you owe me one."

Vincent's eyes were blazing dark with fury. "I only apologize for not taking him outside, Alice," he said, "and as for any other apologies, Henson owes one to every girl in this room."

"So, Sir Galahad didn't like Ford's joke?" someone sneered. It was a girl's voice or there'd have been more trouble. "Don't be mid-Victorian," the same girl giggled.

Vincent didn't even bother to look at her. "It wasn't a joke," he said in a deadly calm voice. "It was a cheap remark and punishable."

His chin was out, his fists doubled, and the mood to fight it out was strong upon him. I'm not a prissy by any means, but I say if a fellow like Vincent gives a fellow like Ford a black eye, then Ford has another black eye and a couple of cauliflower ears still due him.

I took a quick look at Maura Vaun. Her dark eyes were brilliant and her cheeks the flushed deep pink of wild roses. She had her fists clenched tightly, while she watched Vincent with breathless fascination.

Alice was glaring at him, and at me too, because I was his best friend.

"We don't apologize," I said. "We're going home."

"I'm going, too," Maura said. "Vincent happens to be right. I'm going with him."

Malcolm Ogilvie came along, and since he didn't have a car we took him home, dropping him first, of course.

"Let me off at Sixth and DeFoe," I said. "It's too early for me to turn in." I wanted to give Vincent a chance to talk to Maura, and I could tell by the glance he shot me that he appreciated it.

They must have had a good talk that night, for that was the beginning of everything for them. Still I couldn't shake a feeling I had that it wasn't going to last.

For the next few months, Vincent was the happiest man I'd ever sat and listened to for hour upon hour; nor could anyone say that it was all one-sided now. Maura was with him as much as possible, and she seemed so proud of him and the plans they were making together.

Vincent bought a few acres in the country, and had a home built on a portion of it—not a house, but a regular home, with a huge fireplace, extra bedrooms, a playroom, sunroom and all.

"Why all the extra space?" I asked.

"Maura wants children," he said, simply.

The week before the wedding they took me to see the finished gem. Maura's eyes were as bright as the glowing fire Vincent built in the fireplace just to show me how cozy it was going to be of a winter's evening.

"You'll be dropping in whenever you have the urge," Maura said, "and I'll invite you to dinner when the recipes turn out right."

"He'll come whether they turn out right or not," Vincent contradicted. "Why should he be pampered?"

It was all very gay, and that little worry that had kept troubling me grew fainter and fainter. Nothing could happen now. In only a few more days they'd be married.

While we were looking at the house a storm blew up, and we drove back to town through gray rain and thickening fog. I didn't see the car coming, nor did Vincent. The first we knew of it was that terrible crash. After that, I was completely out. I don't mean for moments, hours, nor days. For several weeks I was unconscious most of the time. When the fuzz did clear from my head I found Vincent sitting beside my bed.

"Maura!" I gasped. "What about Maura?" My first wild thought was that he wouldn't be sitting beside me if Maura were alive.

"She's all right," he said softly,





"but she's sleeping now, so I came in here."

Maura left the hospital a week before I did, and she promised me she'd come with Vincent to get me when I was released.

When Vincent came, however, he came alone, and the minute I saw him I knew that things had gone terribly wrong. He'd lost weight, and the burden of the world was upon him.

"I might as well tell you now," he said tersely, "Maura has returned my ring. I've talked to her, and Father Hertz has talked to her, but she simply says it's all over." His voice was rough, husky. "While she was in the hospital she had plenty of time to think, and—and she has changed her mind."

That didn't add up properly to me. I remembered the way her face had looked the day she and Vincent had stood by my bed. "I'm coming with Vincent to bring you home," she'd said, and her face had been radiant, her eyes smiling. Whatever had happened, had happened after that.

I tried to recall something she'd said that day before leaving my room —something which might have some bearing on this sudden change in her, but my mind stayed blank. For several more weeks I had to take life easy. Vincent was working every day, but I could fairly see him growing thinner. I worried a lot about him and I simply couldn't readjust myself to the new Maura, who didn't care any more, who had ceased caring like the snap of my thumb and finger.

"You were wrong about her ever loving him," I told myself. "She never really did. She played at it until she grew tired. Then she stopped playing."

That didn't seem sensible either. She had let him build a home for them. It was unspeakably cruel of her to let him go that far and I couldn't see her doing a thing like that, no matter how flighty she was. This couldn't be the same Maura who had crooned a French lullaby to little Pierre Bernay.

I was able to walk about shortly, and was idling past the hospital one afternoon. "If it hadn't been for Dr. Huett," I was telling myself, "I'd be dead and gone long since."

I stopped abruptly. Now I had it. That day Maura had said, "Dr. Huett wants to see me a moment. Wait for me, Vincent. I'll be right back." Maura hadn't returned to my room. Vincent had gone out to meet her.

I turned into the pathway and went to the office. "Is Dr. Huett in?" I asked.

He was, and a pretty nurse showed me to his office. I was still limping a little and she smiled very sweetly at me because of it. I determined to limp as long as possible.

I explained to Dr. Huett about Maura and Vincent, and I must say he was very patient while the tale unfolded. When I had finished, he gave me a queer look and rose from his chair. "I'm sorry," he said, "but it's against our regulations to divulge any information about our patients." He cleared his throat uneasily. "I—I'd suggest that Mr. Kane go to the young lady direct."

"A lot of good that would do," I told myself. Something was terribly

wrong, and I didn't know what to do about it. In the end I went to see Maura, myself.

Her face was white and pinched looking, and her eyes enormously large and dark. "I'm sorry you were hurt so badly, Maura," I said suddenly.

She clenched the arms of the chair in which she was sitting so that the knuckles of her hands showed through the skin. "Who—who told you?" she gasped.

"Vincent still cares," I said, without answering her question, "and you're not being fair to him!"

"He—he wants children," she said between clenched teeth. "I'm well enough otherwise, but—I'll never have any, and Bill you must help me. You must make Vincent find someone else, someone who'll fit better into our—into his plans. There's a nursery in his house and extra room."

She was so hurt, so wounded. I went home after awhile, feeling worse than ever, and in the next few months I did try to help Maura. I worked diligently on Vincent to make him forget her, but I didn't succeed.

"Listen," he said, grabbing me one day and nearly shaking the head off my shoulders, "this is my life and my love. Maura's my love forever. Get that through your head and give me some peace."

"Maybe knowing what I know will cure him," I thought, "Maura wants him cured of his love for her, and I have a right to use any means I can to get results."

"Maura was hurt in the accident worse than you realize," I told him abruptly. "She'll never have any children, and that's why she wants you to forget her."

He sat down and stared at me. For a long time he just sat like that—motionless, wordless, and then he made a dash for the door. He didn't even bother to take his hat.

I watched to see which way he went, but he didn't turn down Maura's street. He went in the opposite direction, so there was nothing for me to do but wait. I waited several days before I found out anything, because Vincent wasn't talking. He was extremely busy, but there was a remoteness about him that excluded everyone from taking part in whatever activities engaged him.

Then he came to me. "I want you to get Maura this evening," he said. "Take her riding and wind up at that lane that cuts through the back of our place in the country. She isn't familiar with the lane. I was saving that to show her later. Bring her in the side door. It will be dark and she'll not recognize the place until she's inside."

"But—but suppose she won't come," I objected.

"She'll come if she doesn't know where she's going!" he said.

I agreed to his plans dejectedly. I knew they wouldn't work. Nothing would, but at eight o'clock, nevertheless, I came up the lane with Maura.

"Where are we going, Bill?" she asked, when we stopped.

"To—to a surprise party," I stammered, and that's what it was.

Father Hertz stood inside the door to welcome us. With one quick glance Maura recognized the room. "Oh, Bill," she cried, but it was too late then.

Vincent was beside her, and there was more clamor in that place than I've ever heard before.

Father Hertz took Maura by one arm and Vincent took her by the other. "Maura," he said, "children of my own aren't necessary to me. I'll never marry anyone unless—unless you change your mind about me. I'll love you forever, Maura."

"We've some guests here," Father Hertz cut in, "and I've some introductions to make. This young lady is Nancy, aged eleven months."

Nancy had soft red curls, a lovely mouth and mischievous brown eyes. She was pounding on a tin pail with the back of a spoon.

"Here we have David, aged two years," Father Hertz continued.

David was sandy of hair and gray of eye. He was bellowing with lusty mirth over the antics of a toy duck, and Maura Vaun swooped down on him hungrily.

"Yonder," Father said, pointing, "is Michael, a brave three months to his credit."

Michael was blue of eye, red of cheek, and his hair was as gypsy black as Maura's. He was sucking his thumb enthusiastically.

"If you and Vincent decided to patch things up," Father Hertz said hopefully, "you could have any of these babies, or," he hesitated, "if they aren't to your liking, we have an orphanage full."

"How—how many can we support?" Maura asked, looking at Vincent, and putting Michael down.

He caught her quickly to him. "Three," he said huskily, "if—if you think you can handle as many."

"We'll take all of them," she told Father Hertz gravely. "but our next child must be a boy—newborn—so we can name him Vincent."

I left then, and Father Hertz came with me. "They'll take the babies back to the orphanage," he said. "Vincent knows when they have to be back. They won't need you and me now until the day of the wedding!"

TRUTH ELOQUENT

By **BURNHAM EATON**

As pretty words are pleasant, so the sheen
Of parquetry and marble give a kind
Of passive peace, and candlelight will find
The watcher dreaming in a mist between
The world and wished-for worlds. . . . Ruby and green
And gold of sun-touched windows call to mind
Old tales. . . . But close the eyes now. Listen, blind.
The lily-work and lustre sound unseen.

The organ wakes the walls. There follow after
In overtone and echo from the tongue
Of every beam and stone, the answering strains.
The speech intangible vibrates in the veins,
Makes of the heart a lute, and throbs among
The merest dust upon the farthest rafter.



CHENKI

By QUENTIN

Drawings

I WAS reading Dorothy Day's book, *House of Hospitality,* and came across the following quotation from St. Theresa: "Let people not lay the blame on the times, for all times are times in which God will give His graces to those who serve Him in earnest." The events of the past few weeks have threatened to make me one of those people above mentioned. I was severely and bitterly blaming the times.

Our Vicariate had weathered the depression which had gripped it for many a year, and lately had turned the corner of spiritual prosperity. Baptisms, few and infrequent for a long time, had recently been many and frequent. Prospects for the future looked promising.

Then on September 4, the Japanese bombing planes came and did a terrific job on four of our cities. In three of them the Catholic Missions suffered, severely. Here at Chenki, while no direct hit was made on the Mission, the damage done was great.

I was all set on September 4 to leave Chenki and visit Pushih, one of the out-stations. I had planned on leaving shortly after noon. At ten o'clock that morning the air raid alarm sounded. As per order and custom the townsfolk closed up their stores and homes, and betook themselves to the hills for shelter and protection. Our Refugee Camp was soon de-populated, and I locked it up. Next the Mission personnel left, and the Mission compound was locked. With a few of the men I proceeded to a little air-raid shelter we had made on the side of a hill. It would safeguard us against machine-gunning, but if a bomb landed nearby, it would not offer much protection; and none at all if a direct hit was made.

The urgent alarm had sounded as we left the Mission. It is a leisurely twenty-minute walk from the Mission to the dugout. As we reached the latter the droning of planes could be heard. In a very few minutes they came into sight. A fleet of thirty-six large bombing planes was visible. They were flying in formations of nine, each nine with the center three a bit to the front, each three with the middle plane a little in advance. I judged they were flying at about five or six thousand feet. Unfortunately, we have no anti-aircraft guns here, so the whole sky was theirs for where and what they would. However, after passing over the town they kept right on going, and soon were out of sight and hearing.

About twelve o'clock, the all-clear signal not having sounded, I figured the planes were bound for Chungking to do their daily bombing of the war capital, and would not be returning for another four or five hours, if they came back this way at all. I returned to the city and the Mission, thinking to pick up a few things and get back to the out-station. At the Mission I had time to get the English news from Hong Kong on my crazy little radio. I had just gotten myself a bite to eat when one of the help came to say that planes could again be heard.

Immediately a presentiment came over me. I did not stop to analyze it, but quickly got my sun glasses and sun helmet—the latter to protect my head from flying debris, more than from the sun, and went to the upper level of the Mission property, where there is the only open space. From there we finally located the planes, flying in the same formation as in the morning. This time there were only twenty-seven. They were coming directly on toward the city. Before reaching it they veered off to the left, and were soon lost in some clouds. Suddenly a terrific roar of engines was audible. For a few moments we could not locate the planes. When finally we did, nine planes in a line were almost upon the city.

As we stood there, I noticed a puff of smoke coming from each plane. I remarked about it to the lad with me. Just as I finished speaking, the weird scream of bombs reached our ears. We threw ourselves upon the ground, and in a few seconds, amid terrific explosions, the earth beneath us shook so that it actually bounced me up and down. Then, as I cautiously peered around, I saw machine-gun bullets peppering the other walls, some but ten feet high.

In less than a minute this line of planes had passed over us. We arose and looked around. The Mission seemed to be intact. Behind the town large columns of dust and dirt were rising to a height of about a hundred feet. We did not have much time for a really good look, for the second line of nine planes was bearing down on us. We stretched out on the ground and from there listened to the eerie screech of falling bombs. The place I had chosen was at the base of a ten-foot wall. It was the lowest wall in the quadrangle, the other being thirty to forty feet high. That I had picked the spot well was proved by this second salvo of bombs.

When these bombs hit, immedi-



GETS IT

OLWELL, C.P.

By Weda Yap

ately the area around us was filled with stones, trees, parts of houses, and what not. Many of these landed in the quadrangle with terrific force. One large heavy tree landed about ten feet from us. Thank God nothing hit us. Again I very cautiously looked out from under my sun helmet, and got my worst fright of the day. Right in front of the Mission compound a large column of smoke was rising. Evidently an incendiary bomb had done its work. My fright came from the fact that our front entrance was the only egress from the Mission. There are no side or rear doors. The fire, it seemed to me, was at our front gate.

I was trapped. Soon all of these old buildings would be a roaring blaze. I was for rushing to the front gate to try to get out immediately, if possible. But the boy dissuaded me by pointing to the third line of nine planes, ready to bomb us. Again I took my position at the foot of the wall, waiting for the next load.

Three large bombs hit about twenty feet in front of the Mission. Seven others landed about twenty yards on the left or west side. This time the movement of the earth was most marked. Again the shower of debris came, and with it this time came large and small pieces of shrapnel, amongst which was the blade of a propeller of one of the bombs, a piece of heavy steel, about fifteen inches long and four or five wide. Again our wall held and protected us, although a few pieces of small shrapnel hit the wall and fell on us, giving the boy a nasty burn behind the ear, and myself one on the arm. We did not notice these burns until hours later.

Immediately after this load of bombs landed I made for the front gate. Thank God the fire was not there. But I could not budge the gate. The concussion of the bombs had broken the hinges, three-inch-diameter poles resting in an iron ring, on which the doors swing. These poles had snapped right off.

Finally the boy came and with our united strength we managed to open the gate enough to let ourselves out. I discovered that the fire was three houses away, and across one street from us. I called some soldiers who were already fighting the fire and gave them our extinguishers. But we could do no good with them, for the blaze was too large and the heat too great.

There was nothing to do but take up positions, and try to prevent the blaze from crossing the street. This finally was accomplished, and the fire was kept from the Mission.

I got my first-aid kit, and went out to help care for the wounded. The casualties from this attack on Chenki were very high. Between seven and eight hundred were killed, and another six hundred wounded. The number killed was large because two direct hits were made on two so-called bomb shelters. In these two places alone over three hundred lost their lives. Of the work of the next six or seven hours, the less said the better. It was simply terrible. We cared for over two hundred of the wounded. As there is no hospital at Chenki many of the worst cases were brought to the Mission, which that night resembled a morgue. It was near midnight before we had the last corpse carried to a hastily prepared place on the river bank.

It was only then that I was able to make a detailed inventory of the damages sustained by the Mission. One section of the wall on the west side was down. In the center room of my living quarters the wall was blown in. All the rest of the walls were cracked; some were bulging, others leaning crazily. The tiles of the roofs were all scattered, and some of the joists were smashed right through, letting the whole roof sag in. Doors and windows had been blown out, and all the ceilings had come down. The church was a sight. The Refugee Camp was uninhabitable, the poor refugees having to seek shelter elsewhere for the next few days. Finally we got one or two rooms cleared and called it a day. Dead tired, we turned in, and were soon sound asleep.

Early the next morning the altar was fixed up and I said Mass, thanking God for His goodness to us. Of the five hundred souls connected with the Mission, either Catholics or refugees, only one old lady refugee was killed. Two Catholics were injured but not seriously. We were truly fortunate in this respect.

We have made many plans for the future, and the harvest just now is ripe, but the times bring us conditions preventing us from gathering it. Hence my joining the people and criticizing the times for being as they are. I must bring myself to realize that God can bring good out of these tragic, disappointing days. As St. Theresa said, "Lay not the blame on the times, for all times are times in which God will give His graces to those who serve Him in earnest."

The Slaying of the Dragon

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

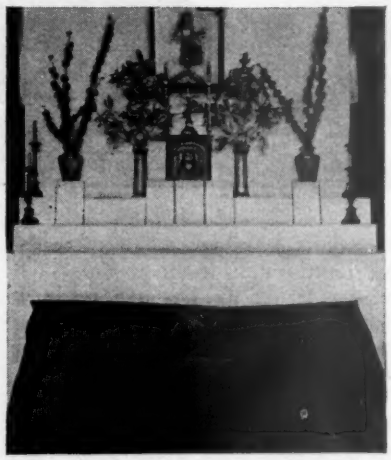
(Continued from last month)

TWO days before the Feast of the Assumption, having received permission to use the official (and only) telephone in Lungtan, I called up Father Raphael at Supu—the nearest Mission to this one. He understood how much the case meant to the Church here, and very kindly permitted a certain Mr. Li to come to my aid. Mr. Li is an excellent Chinese doctor, and has also considerable skill in the use of foreign medicines. Father Raphael's kindness will be better appreciated if we bear in mind that a trip from Supu to Lungtan ordinarily takes four days, and that Mr. Li's absence from Supu would be quite an inconvenience.

After the phone call I again went to see Mrs. Sen. By that time she was so dangerously ill that I gave up all hope. Even her husband believed that the end was near. He sent someone into town to buy cloth, and ordered tailors to be ready to start sewing new clothes for the woman to-be-dead, and for the other members of the family. A coffin was bought; or rather, Chinese fashion, an option was taken on one. By paying ten dollars down a coffin was reserved.

If it were not used, Mr. Sen would be out ten dollars. Most Chinese, though, would not lose out; they would simply pay the rest of the amount due, have the coffin delivered, and keep it at home. A time would come when there would be use for it! Why waste ten perfectly good dollars?

As I said, even before the coffin came along I had given up all hope. The few but fervent Christians of Lungtan had been offering daily prayers for Mrs. Sen's recovery. Everything in the material line that we, handicapped both by lack of medicines and of medical knowledge, could do had been done. On the way home I racked my brains for anything helpful that might have been overlooked. Once again



Altar of St. Therese at Lungtan Mission

I consulted the couple of medical books on hand. They proved as useless as ever.

For example, the *Materia Medica* said :"The room should be light and well ventilated." We'd have to build a new house to get that sort of place. "The bed should be elastic." Elastic beds in a place where beds consist of two wooden horses and a couple of planks! "A rubber cloth should be placed under the sheet." Just then I didn't have even a rubber band! "The fewer visitors the better." But you couldn't keep Grandma and the other sympathizing relatives out of the room with a shotgun. They had to tell Mrs. Sen how hopeless her case looked. "Intelligent nursing." There are no nurses here, and if the Sen family had been intelligent they would not have let the native "doctors" fill her with crude concoctions that only made the poor woman worse.

No hope left. My thoughts were mighty somber as I stared at the medicine books that didn't mean a thing to us. Then, all of a sudden, it came to me! Let's give our new Saint Gemma, the Passion Flower, a chance. I promised a Novena of Masses in honor of St. Gemma if Mrs. Sen were cured.

But even as I clung to this last straw, hoping against hope, I was much surprised (maybe it was a lack of faith, or rather a lack of a sufficient amount of it) to hear the next morning that Mrs. Sen was still living. The previous evening our catechist had gone to see the sick woman, and during one of her conscious intervals had asked her if she wanted to be baptized. She was most anxious. He gave her the most essential instructions, and then baptized her. I had hesitated to do so, for even if the sick woman's mother had permitted the "foreigner" to baptize her, I would have been blamed if she had died. The grandmother and soon the whole town would have said: "The foreigner took her soul away."

Here we have to change the order of our narrative and relate something which I did not know until a few days later. About an hour or two before she was baptized, Mrs. Sen, without any reason and without any connection with what was being said or done, called out: "I see Peter and I see Monica, and they are talking to me. They are telling me to put my trust in God and that He is going to help me." Then, at the very moment when she was baptized (so Mrs. Sen told us later) she saw a very bright light and all of a sudden had a most peaceful sensation. No sooner was she baptized than she had the first restful sleep in many days.

Several days later we asked her if she knew who Peter and Monica were. She had no idea. Then we asked her if she knew that her husband's parents—dead years ago—had been baptized. Yes, she had heard that, but she hadn't the slightest idea what their baptismal names were. She didn't even understand in the least the notion of baptismal names, and Peter and Monica were just strange sounds to her.

The Feast of the Assumption had arrived. Mr. Honest (that is the meaning of "Sen") and the eight little Honest children were all at Holy Mass—as they had been the previous Sunday and have been every Sunday since then. After Holy

Mass the whole Congregation remained in church a little longer and public prayers were said for the recovery of Mrs. Sen. In the afternoon Mr. Sen called the children (ages four to fourteen) to their mother's bedside. They all knelt down before the picture of the Sacred Heart. The little ones didn't know any prayers, but they did the best they could. They just kept saying: *"Tien-Tsu chiu ma-ma,"* Lord of Heaven, save mama; Lord of Heaven, save mama." And the littlest one of all had a special prayer of his own: "Lord of Heaven, I want, I want, I want my mama!"

Mrs. Sen was still "hanging on" but every hour we expected the thread of life to snap. Toward evening Mr. Li arrived from Supu bringing with him some much-needed medicines, and much more needed hope and encouragement. He also wrote a prescription or two of Chinese medicines which could be filled locally. Before long there was a slight—though ever so slight—improvement.

Mr. Li intended to stay only one day, but we persuaded him to add another. How I thank God that Mr. Li did not leave, for on the afternoon of that second day and all that following night, Mrs. Sen nearly choked to death several times. Besides typhoid fever, she had contracted diphtheria! Another phone call to Father Raphael brought his gracious permission for Mr. Li to stay a few days longer. Had Mr. Li left here as scheduled there would not be a happy ending to this story.

We must stop here to point out the devotion to the Church of so many of our Mission helpers, which Mr. Li exemplified so splendidly. Not only did he spend each day and most of the nights while here taking care of Mrs. Sen, but every spare moment was given over to writing prescriptions for poor people who could not afford to call in a doctor. And with each prescription went a few words of doctrine: "God is the greatest physician, ask Him to help you; He can do better than I. When you get better you should become a Catholic in thanksgiving to the Lord." Although I knew from Father Raphael that Mr. Li's wife was not only sick but also about to give birth to a baby, he never mentioned this while here and deprecated every expression of gratitude he received.

The time came to take leave of Mr. Li. He and I called on the sick lady just at dawn. He gave her a few last words of advice, telling her and her relatives that if they did just what I told them he was sure that the good Lord would help Father Nicholas to cure her.

Mrs. Sen was my case again. It meant several visits each day and maybe a few at night. All that wouldn't matter as long as Mrs. Sen got better. Well, to make an all too long story not quite so long, Mrs. Sen is improving daily. She is sitting up and taking nourishment now and hoping for the day soon to come —and it looks as though it won't be long—when she and Mr. Sen and all the eight little Sens can come to the Mission for nine days to make the promised Novena in honor of St. Gemma in thanksgiving.

Mrs. Sen is already studying a little doctrine each day. She knows the answers to the first few questions of the Catechism. She can make the Sign of the Cross now and recite the Hail Mary, and she does both about a hundred times a day. She's as happy making the Sign of the Cross as a youngster with his first watch—has to show everybody. And she's beginning to "work on" the hired help, too. She says she wants everyone who lives under her roof to be a Catholic. Every vestige of superstition has been removed from the house. As soon as Mrs. Sen can attend the ceremony the home is to be blessed. And until that happens and any danger of lurking devils has been removed, a little holy water must be kept in each room. Mrs. Sen won't even answer people unless they call her by her baptismal name of "Mary."

And Mr. Sen? Well, as I told you, he knows more than sufficient doctrine to be baptized. But there is his opium habit. However, as soon as his wife is able to take over the management of the household, he is coming to this Mission to take the cure—and he says he doesn't care how drastic it may be.

And the eight little Sens? They are (except, of course, the very smallest) all taking instructions now and will be baptized before many a month. But there is trouble ahead! Each one of the five girls wants two baptismal names, and they all want to be called "Gemma Therese." And the two older boys both insist on the name "Nicholas!" I wonder why? "Ni-ko-lau," it doesn't sound so well in Chinese.

But this isn't the end of the story. It's only the beginning. For now that the Sens are becoming Catholics many persons realize that the Catholic Church is not the Church of the poor only, but the Church for all. And here is something else. In appreciation for what the Church has done for his wife, Mr. Sen will sell the Mission all the property it needs, in an ideal location. There'll be no tripling of the price; he'll sell for not more, perhaps less, than any native would pay. Five hundred dollars (please make a note of it—one that a bank will cash) would pay for the needed property, and maybe there will be a little left over with which to start building our own Mission. Then we won't have to live in rented houses any more and be put out when the owner wants us to move.

The future looks indeed bright for the Mission in Lungtan. A wedge has been driven into the Sen clan that will sink deeper as the years pass. Two heavenly flowers—the Little Flower, patroness of this Mission, and the Passion Flower, whose picture hangs over the altar here, will, through their intercession, sow seeds of faith in many a Lungtan heart, and gather bouquets of flowers for God's Garden in the town of Dragon Rapids, among uncounted members of the "Honest" tribe, and of many another clan.

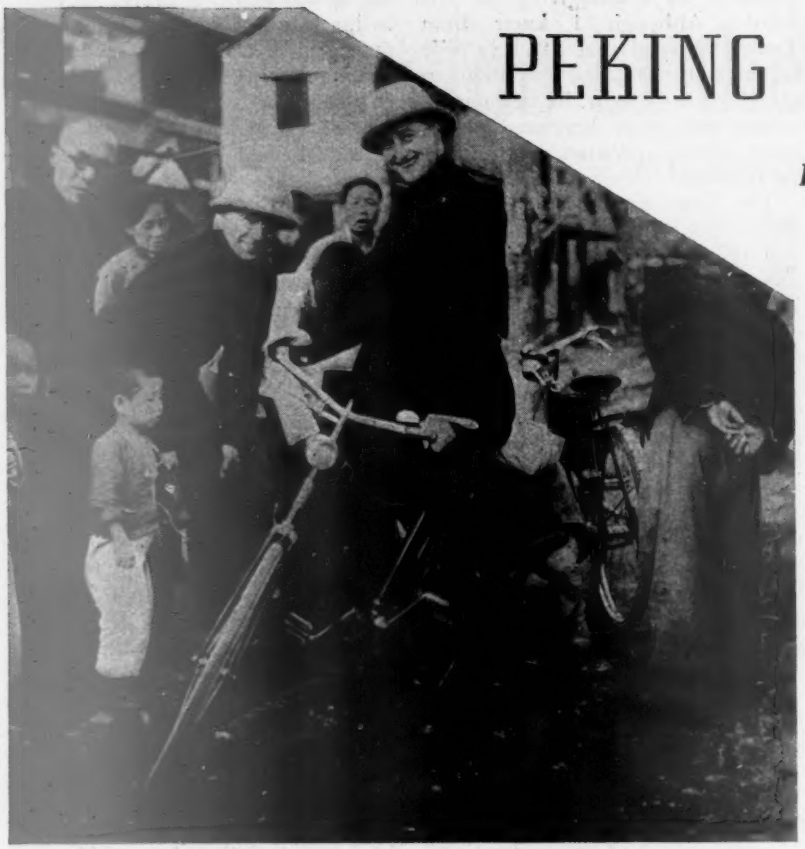
Will we ever finish this story? No! The "finis" will be written in heaven.

Sister Mary Finan, of the Sisters of Charity of Convent Station, N. J., is preparing to return to China. She is going back to the service of the wounded and sick Chinese in the Mission Hospital in Yüanling. Sister wishes to bring back to Hunan a large supply of linen sheets and pillow cases. We appeal to the readers of THE SIGN to be mindful of her need. Send whatever linen you can, old *and new;* and soon, please! Address to THE SIGN.

If any professional person or institution would like to give Sister a good microscope for her laboratory work, Sister's gratitude would be enlarged beyond the magnifying power of the strongest lens.

PEKING GOSSIP

By **WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.**



Fr. Caspar and helpful lookers-on try to extricate the author from his bike

WOULD you be interested in a few news items culled from our Peking daily paper? Oh, yes! We have a newspaper, printed in English, with up-to-the-minute world news just as it is received from the international news agencies. But what I like most about our little paper is not the fact that it keeps us informed on international news, on the progress of the war, and on such things that remind us of our oneness with the rest of the world. I like best that little inside sheet devoted to gossip about the residents of Peking, both foreign and Chinese, and the visitors to our city—those intimate, personal, and unimportant daily happenings, the recounting of which makes us a little community isolated from the rest of the world as effectively as, in former days, the brave walls of Peking cut the city off from the outside.

Each day I eagerly scan this page for such choice items as that Mrs. Pennyfeather served lovely hot biscuits and tea at her Thursday "At Home"; or that Marcus Aurelius Jones, after exhaustive research and experiment, has discovered "why one sleeps so much in the Orient," and is grabbing the first boat out to lecture before the insomniacs of the world; or that the little darlings of Miss Terpsichore's School of Dancing gave a charming interpretation of the immortal Oscar's "The Bee on the Wing," before delighted parents and friends. But I had better lay off the Society Notes of the foreign members of the Peking community, for a number of copies of THE SIGN come to Peking, and after all, I must live here for at least another six months. It wouldn't do at all, you know, for me to be cycling through a Peking alley and suddenly get a blow-out, caused by the burning stare through a lorgnette in the hand of some indignant and outraged dowager.

"The Summer Hygiene Campaign Will Be Launched Today Throughout the City." This is the heading of a little paragraph that recently appeared in the paper. The campaign has been launched against cholera and hydrophobia. Men and dogs are to be rounded up, and willing or not, will be inoculated, the men against cholera, the dogs against rabies. I have seen the campaign in action. Policemen are stationed at all the gates of the city and along the principal streets. Foreigners are left alone, but all Chinese are stopped and dragged over to a booth at the side of the road, where they are given a jab with a needle and handed a certificate.

This is all right, but it is a bit too much of a good thing. Unless the person apprehended can later produce his certificate of inoculation, he'll get another injection, regardless of how many he has already received. They'll kill the poor Chinese with their preventives. One of our teachers at the language school was on his way to school one day, feeling a little woozy from his injection of the day before, but trying to carry on. He was stopped on the way. Unfortunately for him, he had left his certificate of inoculation at home, and in spite of his vehement protests he was given another shot.

No mercy is to be shown to the dogs, either. Officers are going from house to house inoculating them, and any dog found on the street without a certificate will be considered wild, and destroyed. I do not quite see how the dogs can carry their certificates around with them—but that is what it says right here in the paper.

The only place they are stopping foreigners for injections is at the railroad station as they come in on the trains. I am out of town now—at a place about two hundred and fifty miles from Peking. I am perforated with needle punctures and full of all kinds of injections, but my cholera injection was received prior to the two months the health inspectors recognize, so-o-o . . . I guess I am in for it when I get back to Peking, unless I can give them the dodge at the railroad station. It should be fun trying!

"Suicide Wave Revives." . . . Another article tells of the mounting suicide rate at this time. This in-

crease in the number of suicides is largely occasioned by the approaching Dragon Boat Festival, one of the great Chinese holidays. These festivals are the reckoning days for settling debts and many of those who cannot meet their obligations, rather than suffer the loss of face such failure entails, take their own lives. Mothers-in-law also have a great deal to do with it. Almost daily the paper tells of a young wife attempting or accomplishing suicide after a quarrel with her mother-in-law.

I think Chinese mothers-in-law are responsible for the current reputation mothers-in-law have the world over. It is almost the universal custom in China for the married couple to live with the husband's people, and from all accounts the mother-in-law gives the bride a hard time of it. Oftentimes, the young wife is not much more than a servant in the house, silently obedient to her mother-in-law who is really the power in the home. Yet when that young wife herself becomes a mother-in-law she too will run true to form, justified by: "Well, I had to go through the same thing!"

The next article contains an enlightening bit of information as to the cleanliness of our fair city. It states that a special labor corps has been recruited to cart away the refuse accumulated throughout the city. There are some 35,600 tons of it waiting to be carted away! The experts have figured out that it will take three hundred laborers working daily just three months to remove this debris. And the working day for the average Chinese is at least twelve hours long!

Here is a little sample of oriental diplomacy. Some ruins of an ancient city wall were discovered in the southwestern part of the city. Thirty leading archaeologists met to discuss the find. One group insisted the ruins dated from the time of the Chin Dynasty. Another group just as hotly insisted they were from the Liao Dynasty. The Director of the meeting brought an end to the discussion by wisely pointing out that the important thing at the moment was to preserve the ruins. This seemed to satisfy everybody for the time being. Now I see that another meeting was held—this time in regard "to the preservation of the ruins of the Chin *and* Liao Dynasties." A neat way to settle a dispute, don't you think?



Yüanling refugees take advantage of the February sun



Wash day in the camp—for vegetables and clothes



Refugee woman earns 1½¢ a day, splitting beans



Refugee making cigarettes. Many thus make a living



WOMAN to WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

Children at Mass

WHEN I came into the church last Sunday at the eight o'clock Mass, I found a pew which was empty except for two small boys sitting close to the aisle. They made no move to slip along the seat as I paused, but the older one—he was about nine—looked at me with a shy smile on his face and a sidelong glance at his younger brother of some six years who sat beside him and who had the end seat. I interpreted the glance correctly to mean that small brother was on the aisle where he could see, and being in agreement with the sometimes forgotten fact that children should both see and hear in church, I obligingly pushed past them to the middle of the pew, into which, as it happened, no one else came, though the rest of the church was well filled.

Mass began. Small brother took a nice interest in it, peering around the edge of the pew in front of him, occasionally lifting his head to see over the top, but always going back to the first and better method. Older brother had a white prayer book with a lily on the cover, and he read in it now and then, but small brother just kept his fat fingers together and looked on.

Just before the reading of the Gospel, an usher came down the aisle and stopped at our pew, followed by a well-dressed young woman. The brothers sat pat where they were and big brother smiled. But the smile didn't work this time. The usher, quite urgently too, put his arm on small brother's arm, and, under authority, both of them shoved along closer to me. The young woman settled herself leisurely, with no evidence of haste about her. She sat, serenely ignorant of what she had done, there in the place where small brother had been so contentedly sitting. It was doubly unfair, I thought, for they had been on time and she had not.

Working Under Difficulties

OLDER brother did his best, however. Now and then he gave his brother a nudge as to what to do next, but he really wasn't big enough to see for himself: he was back of a pair of big square shoulders now instead of a little girl. So, when the two were conscious that those around them were crossing themselves, they hastily did it too. When the big folks knelt, they did too, and when we sat down they did.

They were very good children. Just once big brother took a piece of string out of his pocket and began to twist it under his cap. But, when small brother put out his hand for it, he shook his head and put the string away. When the usher came to take the collection, older brother drew out three coins, a nickel and two pennies. He gave one penny to his brother. He looked long and hard at the two remaining coins, and finally put the penny back in his pocket and the large expensive looking nickel went into the basket. The usher paused a moment by the well-dressed young woman, but she put in nothing at all.

When it came time for the final prayers, she got up and went away with a hurriedly dropped curtsey in no particular direction. Then little brother, with a smile of satisfaction at his brother, pushed along and for a few fine moments had a good view of what he had been supposed to see all the time.

And in case someone wonders why I wasn't attending to my own reading and prayers, let me add right here that I managed all right, and what distraction there was I felt had induced a justifiable moral indignation.

Children Must Be Interested

I KNOW this was an exceptional and individual instance, but things of that sort are occurring all the time, even if in lesser degree. I know too that there are plenty of people in authority who are very definite about putting children in the center of things, who look on them as the *spes gregis* of the Church.

I met a German refugee the other day, a thoughtful man, who said he felt there was little hope for a future Germany save from the older people who could remember and the very young who had as yet no memory. The ones between would never be brought back from what had become their faith to the civilization we call Christian. Perhaps he was too sweeping about it, for he had so recently been in the midst of it all.

But, when he said it, I saw in my mind's eye the little boy trying to help his brother see the Mass and the grown-ups who did not help or understand. And I am unhappily aware that in our churches, at Masses, the child is often not a first thought.

I do not know what must be done, except to be more careful, but I do know a restless child is a bored child, and a bored child is going to church only so long as he can be made to go by his elders. When he grows up, what then? They should be made welcome in Our Lord's house in the way He who founded our Church made them welcome when His own disciples wanted to keep them from bothering Him, so zealous were they that He be not annoyed. "Suffer the little children to come to me," He said, and gathered them as close as He could. Not in the back row, not pushed out of sight of Him, but as near His Heart as he could get them who to Him were "of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Why, Mother, Why?

By EVELYN B. COOGAN

"WHERE does the wind live, Mother, and why is it always in such a hurry? Why, Mother, why?" Life is just one question after another to the child mind as it grows acquainted with this world of ours. And charming as we find the prattle of clear young voices, there are times when *one* more question would completely dissolve the patience of almost any parent. It isn't that we lose sympathy with the inquiring young minds, or for one moment doubt the sincerity of their queries. Far from it—the more difficult their questions, the prouder we grow. And of course we'd be frightfully worried if all questions stopped and our children settled down to a dull acceptance of things as they are. Our exhaustion is doubtless due to the fact that we adults, with a great many more details in mind, reach a word saturation point long before our offspring do, and only the realization that today's questions build the minds of tomorrow helps us to carry on.

Educators and laymen alike are beginning to wonder what happens to change the quality of man's curiosity. As yet there has been no satisfying explanation of what happens to the average mind between childhood and adolescence to change the searching quality of the questions. We find the child very apt to ask *why* the wheels go round to make the clock tick, but the average adult is content simply to read the hour.

Some place along the line the child's keen interest in things metaphysical is also dulled. As a consequence, his appetite for knowledge can then be satisfied by the "Professor Quizzes" of radio with their vast collection of abstract questions that merely test the memory. As a mother I don't for one minute underestimate the value of such a fund of information. Every parent faced with innumerable questions all but envies the knowledge of the quiz winner. But life isn't so easily pegged for our young questioners. To be sure, for the moment they politely accept our copybook answer, but in their next breath they challenge—"Why?"



Drawing by Robert Alloway

When such analytical questions stop, is it our fault? Have our carelessly vague answers produced only confusion? One of the best replies the parent of a small question-box can make is, "Let's find out together!" Sometimes this leads us into the garden or the workshop, but more often it takes us to the library, and, of course, the earlier that reference books become our child's tool, the better. But we must always recognize vocabulary difficulties and supplement even the beautifully developed dictionaries and encyclopedias written especially for children, with an explanation satisfying to the individual child.

To each child a satisfying answer may mean a different thing, entirely dependent upon his own understanding of words. If we could only snap a picture of the mental concepts within the minds of our children, very much as the X ray discloses the inner realms of the body, how quickly we could rectify their erroneous conclusions. The significance each child attaches to a term may be influenced by many things. A word that names some concrete object or action within his personal experience is never a stumbling block.

A new consciousness of vocabulary possibilities and difficulties has developed in educational circles and it would be well to carry it over into the home. We speak a language composed of words possessing many shades of meaning. If we answer a child's question in words of one or two syllables we probably feel we have given him a crystal-clear answer. But have we paused to consider how many of our words have at least two meanings?

This point is amusingly illustrated in the experience of the primary teacher who told her pupils of the fall of Adam and Eve and of how God drove them from the Garden of Eden, and then asked her class to sketch a picture suggested by the story. You can well imagine her chagrin when one youngster crude.y drew a huge limousine with God in a chauffeur's cap at the wheel and Adam and Eve sitting dejectedly in the back seat. To him "drove" had but one meaning.

A similar case was that of our own ten-year-old daughter who was puzzled by a reference to Miss Logan County, and upon inquiry was told that it was a contest to choose the Logan County girl possessing the most beauty and *grace*. "But," she replied, with her Baltimore catechism very much in mind, "how could they possibly know the state of her soul?"

Our vocabulary is as much a part of us as the color of our eyes or the shape of our hands, but fortunately it can continue growth indefinitely. With it we think and carry on all communication with the world at large. And the caliber of our thought is completely dependent upon the clearness of our understanding of ideas which in turn we can think of only in *words*.

In helping our children unlock the mysteries of God's world we shall doubtless find our own vocabularies growing and discover that we too have achieved a clearer brand of thinking. Yes, I know the mending will be neglected once in a while, and many a best seller will have to be skipped to keep fit for this marathon quiz section. But perhaps before the small directors of our research are grown, some understanding institution will develop an honorary degree for parents—D.C., Doctor of Curiosity—and we in our becoming mortar boards shall retire to a rocking chair for a well-earned rest.







Left: Arnold Moss and Betty Field in the anti-Nazi propaganda play, "Flight to the West." Above: A scene from "Life With Henry," in which Jackie Cooper plays the role of Henry Aldrich. Right: Madeleine Carroll with Louise Beavers, who plays a supporting role in "Virginia"

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

CINEMATIC achievements of the year past include a wider variety of intelligent story material and considerable advance in the technical field. In many respects the screen seems to have come of age.

On the other side of the ledger, however, there has been a growing proportion of films which veer toward the border line of good taste. The advances made by the industry since the advent of the Legion of Decency and the acceptance of the Producer's Code are being imperiled by the production of pictures obviously slanted to circumvent the restrictions of decency. The responsibility of the industry in matters concerning morals is as plain as the figures on the weekly box office report. The acceptance of that responsibility is as necessary to the future prosperity of the producers as the continuance of black ink figures on their books. Molding the thoughts of thousands of impressionable young people who look to the movies for their weekly entertainment is a tremendous task, one not to be dismissed lightly.

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FLIGHT FROM DESTINY—Warner Bros.—A professor of philosophy with six months to live would "aid humanity by murdering some person unfit to live." His victim is an unscrupulous woman who is interfering in the marital happiness of one of his former students. He is sentenced to die, and in his death-house cell finally realizes the enormity of his crime and the fallacy of any theory setting up a human being as the arbiter of life and death.

The subject matter is polemic and not suited for the impressionable members of any audience. The final recantation seems more of a last-minute attempt at appeasing public opinion than a convincing reformation. The impressions and ideas gained by the preceding forceful scenes are the ones which will remain, and not the "appendix" ending.

Thomas Mitchell, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Jeffrey Lynn, Mona Maris, and James Stephenson play with a restrained intelligence and thorough understanding.

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VIRGINIA—Paramount—The breath-taking beauty of the Virginia countryside as seen by the Technicolor camera, and the complementary performances of Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, highlight this spectacular film of the modern South. A land-poor aristocrat who prefers to work his acreage rather than sell a heritage, and a girl who returns from England to sell her family plantation for ready cash, are the principal characters in this drama which is more spectacular than profound, but entertaining withal.

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LIFE WITH HENRY—Paramount—The activities of the adolescent Henry Aldrich provide sufficient material for another of those films of youthful hijinks. Jackie Cooper, as the irrepressible young man with a penchant for juvenile trouble, lends the correct note of bewildered and feigned innocence in this humorous and lifelike depiction designed for audiences of all ages.

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GO WEST—MGM—The antics of such family combinations as the brothers Marx seem definitely headed

for screen oblivion. This zany western is in the nature of a final bid for popular favor before the trio disbands. As a last resort, an attempt is made to blend satire with their peculiar brand of madhouse fun. The result is not a success, and the film offers appeal only to those who relish purposeless and ridiculous comedy endeavor.

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FOUR MOTHERS—Warner Bros.—The fortunes of the Lemp family and the marital problems of the four daughters are pleasantly and sympathetically portrayed. Occasionally the sentimental portions of the relationship romp out of bounds, but considering the limitations imposed on the writers of the series, it is excusable. The attractiveness of the film is enhanced by a group of capable players, familiar to those who have seen the previous offerings in the series. The Lane Sisters, Gale Page, Eddie Albert, Claude Rains, and Dick Foran handle their roles in the manner of a family group rather than members of the Screen Actor's Guild playing house before the camera. A pleasant respite from sophisticated farces and heavy drama.

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HUDSON'S BAY—20th Century-Fox—Paul Muni assumes a new role with the ease and capability commensurate with his exceptional talents. In this spectacle, built around the development of the famous Hudson's Bay Company, he is deep in the throes of a French-Canadian accent and a growth of beard, while alternating his scenes between the Northern wilds and the Court of Charles II. There is an abundance of action and adventure which makes the film acceptable to patrons weary of the steady stream of super-sophisticated Hollywood comedies. Muni will not win an Academy Award by his performance, but he once again proves his versatility and ability. Gene Tierney, Laird Cregar, and John Sutton round out the cast.

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THIS THING CALLED LOVE—Columbia—A scenario writer once discovered that the restrictions of the Producer's Code could be overcome by the mere formality of marrying off his characters in the first reel. From that point on, sensuality-with-a-leer assumed respectability, and practically anything was permissible. That formula has been followed successfully for the past few seasons with a complete disregard for the sensibilities of the viewers. Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, and Binnie Barnes add nothing to this film of marital mix-up. It is not suitable for general distribution.

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KITTY FOYLE—RKO—Christopher Morley's much-discussed novel of a white-collar girl was inevitably destined for celluloid glorification. Any play or book receiving the extravagant amount of praise showered on this tawdry and uninspired tale is attractive bait for the producing gentry, regardless of the moral values involved. *Kitty Foyle* was not a great, or even remarkably good novel, and the cinematic version suffers from the same failings. Technically, the production is highly confusing in its continuity, and there has been no attempt to supply the moral tone so obviously lacking in Morley's plot.

Ginger Rogers, always a bright performer, manages to create a genuine characterization and receives admirable support from two new leading men, Dennis Morgan and James Craig. The film is not recommended.

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LEGACY—Columbia—A sterling group of players headed by Warner Baxter, Fay Wray, and Ingrid Bergman contribute much to the success of this story of a family's pride in its heritage. As seen through the eyes of a French governess, the traditions of loyalty and honesty are almost shattered when the grown sons momentarily lose their sense of values. It is adult drama, well sustained, and performed with a directness and understanding that adds to the rather slight thread of plot.

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In FLIGHT TO THE WEST Elmer Rice has taken the headlines of the past two years and from them created another anti-Nazi propaganda play. The action takes place in the cabins of a westward bound Clipper plane, with the protagonists spending the hours planning intrigues and arguing heatedly the pros and cons of current political ideologies. Much of the dialogue is reminiscent of the speeches and writings of such celebrated contemporary personages as President Roosevelt, Hitler, and Dorothy Thompson. The result is a mixture of ardent oratory and frenzied denunciation not too startling in its originality.

The characters will probably be stock figures in the drama for many seasons to come. A belligerent and



Gene Tierney, Paul Muni, John Sutton and Laird Cregar, as they appear in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, "Hudson's Bay"

determined lady columnist, an oil tycoon anxious to appease the Nazis, Belgian refugees, Nazi diplomats and spies, and a clear-eyed young American couple who represent honor and hope and faith. As you may surmise, symbolism all but runs away with the evening, and probably would have done so if the author and players and director did not have the situation so well in hand.

If we are to have propaganda plays—and the indications are that we shall have many—we can at least appreciate one coming from a writer as familiar as Elmer Rice with the niceties of dramatic presentation. In addition, it is peopled with puppet-actors intelligently aware of their duties. Betty Field, Hugh Marlowe, Arnold Moss, and Paul Hernreid are outstanding.

If playwrights had only been as forthright in their denunciation of moral turpitude as in their condemnation of political injustice and international aggression, tremendous strides might have been made in the past few decades toward rebuilding a lost sense of values.

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PAL JOEY, a musical comedy adaptation of John O'Hara's short stories, is a scabrous study in depravity made none the more acceptable by the strenuous and able efforts of an excellent cast and the score contributed by Richard Rodgers.

The production resolves itself into a series of flashes between exceptional technical effect and a minus zero moral standard. Gene Kelly gives a brilliant dancing and dramatic performance in his first outstanding role, but he is handicapped immeasurably by the loathsome qualities of the character. Richard Rodgers has composed several lilting tunes to compare favorably with his best efforts, but Lorenz Hart smudges their beauty with lyrics that are not merely slyly suggestive but frankly ribald. Vivienne Segal sings beautifully, the settings and choreography bespeak care in production, but either singly or as a unit these component parts are insufficient to overcome the basic viciousness of O'Hara's story and characters.

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While the present theatrical season has produced only a limited number of outstanding attractions, there has been a plethora of outstanding performances in the hit plays and in many of the less successful as well.

The star names of the past have been doing right well by themselves this season, with Ethel Barrymore, Grace George, Ed Wynn, Jane Cowl, Peggy Wood, Ethel Waters, Maurice Evans, Helen Hayes, and Al Jolson giving performances rating with the best work they have done.

As they bask in the spotlight of their well-deserved glory, however, a new generation of players has been pushing steadily forward, earning their spurs by performances that vary from high comedy to heavy drama. Many of these young actors will be the front-line names of the future, and judging by their efforts this season, the drama need not worry about any possible shortage of thespians in the years ahead.

Helen Craig as the deaf girl in *Johnny Belinda;* Sally O'Neil, who stood out in the cast of Carroll's debacle, *The Old Foolishness;* Gene Kelly, the principal redeeming feature of the musical, *Pal Joey;* Thelma Schnee, who almost steals *The Corn Is Green* from Miss Barrymore; Sylvia Weld, the bewildered young daughter of *Fledgling;* Jose Ferrer, the masquerading *Charley's Aunt;* Jessica Tandy, Horace McNally, Jane Wyatt, Jo Ann Sayers, Paul Hernreid, Donald Burr, John Craven, Roy Roberts, and many others too numerous to mention, contributed handsomely to the dramatic portion of the season's playbill.

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Though the players have been valiantly upholding their end of the banner, the playwrights have not been as forceful or as fortunate. Each week sees the casualty list mounting with the names of plays which had been anticipated with relish, but which audiences walked out of, with considerable relief.

One of these was the story of the acrobatic family who looked askance at anything even vaguely connected with books or education. It was called THE FLYING GERARDOS and was written by Kenyon Nicholson, who has taught playwriting at Columbia University and should have known better than to foist such a script on an unsuspecting public.

DELICATE STORY by Ferenc Molnar was written in the vein popular with European audiences and did not have the qualities necessary for American success.

MEET THE PEOPLE, a revue presented on the West Coast last year and brought to Broadway this season, is proletarian 'til it hurts—both the cast and those members of the audience not wildly enthusiastic about left-wing humor. The inevitable clenched fist attitude hovers over the proceedings.

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When Clarence Day's recollections of *Life With Father* were gathered from the back copies of a popular magazine and adapted to the requirements of the theater, a new field of material opened for the producers. The latest in the procession develops into a lively, hilarious comedy, MY SISTER, EILEEN, based on the stories by Ruth McKenney.

Though not following the letter of the book, the dramatization is pleasantly humorous in recounting the adventures of two sisters from Ohio who lease an apartment in Greenwich Village. There are a few passages which might have been omitted without detracting from the success of the play in any way. Fortunately their presence does not make the production completely objectionable.

Eileen is played with an engaging charm by a young motion picture actress, Jo Ann Sayers. Shirley Booth, as the more practical half of the combination, meets all the demands of the role. A comedy for adults that is always entertaining and slightly oblique.

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Paul Vincent Carroll's play, THE OLD FOOLISHNESS, was seen by a handful of theater-goers during its three-performance run. It was merely a rehash of former Carroll opinions on the clergy and the traditions of Ireland. Assuming that the manuscript arrived by Clipper from Lisbon, the British censors at Bermuda would have done Carroll, Producer John Golden, and the audiences a handsome favor had they confiscated and "pigeon-holed" it for the duration. It does not appear that we shall have another Carroll play in the immediate future, for the literary and theatrical lights who raised him to a position of eminence a short time ago, seem to have set him down again. None too gently, either, judging by the record.

The Word of The Cross

By ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

PROPAGANDA is as old as the devil. He was the first confidence-promoter to employ the stratagem. Originated by him—competition between truth and untruth, between right and wrong, between good and evil has created a vast market for propaganda. Demand and supply have attained a new high in the recent presidential contest, and in the current war. By resort to propaganda, campaigners admit that the souls of men are beyond gun-range. Human bodies can be killed or captured, but minds have to be convinced, hearts must be persuaded freely. The target of propaganda is the human mind and heart.

In the year of Our Lord, 33, Christ climaxed his atonement for men during three hours of crucifixion, and by three days in the tomb of death. But prior to that, Christ devoted three years to propaganda. To promote our confidence in Him, He effected miracles—for divine credentials are foolproof. Our Saviour needed credentials of that type because, humanly speaking, the appearances were against Him. He was so human that, without divine vouchers, men could be excused for regarding Him as a mere man. His propaganda not only established His own position amongst us, but also respected our intelligent freedom. His method is not to snatch us bodily from earth to heaven, by a process of kidnapping. Human souls are beyond the reach of force. He argued with human minds to convince them as to what is truly what, concerning their destiny. He exhorted human hearts to be "selfish" in a way that would not prove disappointing.

As the crescendo of His appeal, as the decisive maneuver in His campaign of rescue, Christ—Who has proven Himself divine as well as human—submitted to an inhuman Passion. He need not have done so, in order to re-establish us as men of destiny. To mediate between godless men and God, the God-man needed but to voice a prayer. As the innocent Spokesman of guilty souls. His act of contrition would be amply eloquent with our Father in heaven. But to be eloquent on earth with thoughtless men, He resorted to a propaganda so telling that we can no longer claim to have missed His point.

The Passion of Christ began in the garden of His betrayal, with a mental preview so revealing that "His sweat became as drops of blood, trickling down upon the ground." As a last-minute reminder of His competence, He struck His captors flat to the ground, and Judas with them. Whereupon He conceded, "This is your hour." Roped, and prodded on by clubs and staves, He was hustled off for trial by Jew and Gentile. On perjured evidence, He was found guilty of crimes toward God and man, and sentenced to death—a slow death, by crucifixion. During three eternal hours, He drooped and writhed upon the cross-beams, while men gloated over His anguish and jabbered their defiance, "Let God deliver Him now, if He will have Him!" By sunset, Christ the Wonderworker was dead, and buried.

He had been sold for thirty pieces of silver—a transaction we recognize as a financial travesty, for we "have been bought with a great price." "Led as a sheep to the slaughter," He was truly the "Lamb of God," saluted by John the Baptist as the One "Who taketh away the sin of the world." Of His life-blood, Christ "emptied Himself, becoming obedient even to the death of the cross." From birth till death, Our Saviour had exerted Himself in many ways to further our reconciliation with God. But on Crucifixion Friday, He resorted to so expensive a method, not only by way of atonement, but as the masterpiece of His propaganda.



Detail from The Crucifixion, by Velasquez

In "blotting out the handwriting of the decree that was against us," Christ did so "by fastening it to the cross." This awful fact cannot be undone, nor can it be explained away as fiction, nor made light of as a piece of Divine extravagance. Although as divine as ever and forever, God has become human also, frail enough to suffer atonement. The Body and Soul that suffered are His very own, and therefore the Passion unto death of Jesus Christ is an expiation of infinite worth. Furthermore, written in the language of human pain—both physical and psychological—the Sacred Passion is God's advertisement of His loving anxiety for the welfare of every man and woman. It is an appeal so eloquent that

God will not repeat it. The propaganda of the Crucified is a message that has echoed throughout the world, and that will re-echo until all men have heard it. "If today, *you* shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

To be influenced thoroughly by the propaganda of Christ, is to be educated in the most advantageous way possible. Although essentially important to know Who Christ is, this knowledge is only preliminary. To sympathize with Him in His unbearable affliction is also a telling factor, but this, too, pertains to the ABC's of Christian education. The salient point of our Saviour's message to be emphasized is, *why* He became One of us, *why* He became the "Man of Sorrows."

To mention the upkeep of God's glory is to give only half an answer to that *why*. God is glorified best and ideally when we men and women are successful and happy—soul and body. Hence, earth and heaven are a commonwealth; the glory of God and human welfare, a commonweal. As Saviour of men, Christ would not be successful, were He merely to atone for human sin. It is part and parcel of His function as our Saviour to provide us with a well adapted means, whereby—supposing our co-operation—we can not only make amends for the past, but so live out the present as to insure our future, a future as everlasting as His own.

To realize this oneness of purpose that He and we have in common, to recognize the identity that obtains between the mission of Christ Crucified and the sane ambition of truly self-provident men, this insight is decisive. Ignore this salient point in the propaganda of the Crucified, and a man will snub Christ and cheat himself. Appreciate the competence and the intentions of Christ, and a man will co-operate with the Crucified, thus sharing in His wisdom and strength, and in the joy of Christ Risen.

This world of ours is cluttered with alleged promoters of human welfare. Incessantly, they bid for a hearing and for patronage. The scope of their propaganda ranges from trivialities and fads to items of urgent and enduring importance. Some appeals fail, deservingly, to so much as arrest the attention of discerning readers and listeners. But even without the influence of propaganda, there are sources of benefit to which we have recourse, instinctively and wisely. For example, we need the skilled services of the attorney, of the physician, of the professor, and so on. And the professional benefactors of society depend, in turn, upon the plumber, the farmer, and upon dozens of other men.

HOWEVER, be the benefit what it may, we conclude with the mortician. Does this anticlimax in human destiny mark the petering out of man's life, and hope, and happiness? Manifestly, the partial, short-lived benefits to be gained from mere men are as so much patchwork for human frailty. "To whom shall we go?" Simon Peter voiced those words as a rhetorical question—"Lord, to whom (else) shall we go? (for) Thou hast the words of eternal life!"

Ever since the original mutiny—called original sin—against divine Providence, men have been repeating the strategical blunder of superficial self-betterment. By neglect of soul, man fell below par, soul *and* body; in plotting for the moment, man discarded all plans for his eternal future; in pawning his title to heaven, man turned earth into paradise lost. Briefly, without God, we are puny; without divine government, our world is topsy-turvy, a fools' paradise. At the present time especially, men are painfully aware of their puniness, and of the chaotic topsy-turviness of their world. To impress upon us that Godlessness is the malignant growth responsible, our Father in Heaven sent word to us—His Personal, Living Word—translated into human terms. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us."

The eloquent Word of God Incarnate, is Jesus Christ. From His propaganda it is evident that, as a Saviour of men, His method is, and should be, different from mere human methods. In His program of reconstruction, our Divine Saviour insists upon a reorientation of our ambitions, our motives, and methods. He has outlined for us the only design for living, that is not upside down. "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and His justice (as the causal, controlling factor), and all else will be added unto you." In endorsement of this formula, Christ "His own Self bore our sins in His Body upon the tree, that He might deliver us from this present, wicked world." And to explode all skepticism, He remained dead only long enough to emphasize His return to life.

It follows, therefore, from the propaganda of Christ Crucified that, to be religious-minded, to be religious-hearted is not "much ado about little." To build our hopes solely or predominantly upon any State—whether monarchic or democratic—to the exclusion of the Church of Christ "which He hath purchased with His Blood," is futile. The one government is merely human; the other, divine. It is evident that a military war is but the overflow of economic war; it is evident, too, that economic war is due to a lack of competence, or honesty, or of both qualities of leadership. The leadership of Christ Crucified alone is flawless, only His propaganda is trustworthy. For although in the Year of Our Lord, 1940, as in 33, He is still a "stumbling-block" to Jews and "foolishness" to Gentiles, Christ Crucified is to His followers the very "wisdom of God and the power of God."

Co-operation with Him is essential, internationally and individually. The tragic plight of the human family is world-wide. As individuals, we can do comparatively little to better the world at large, but each man is bishop over the diocese of his own soul. If we wait for others to renounce worldly-wise mediocrity, the delay may be fatal. Today as always, Christ has enemies and deserters, as well as faithful followers. But "as many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God." His system of rehabilitation is a unique blend of capitalism and of communism, for "of His fullness, we all have received, grace for grace." His grace—that divine vitamin of the human soul—is available, not in any State House, nor in any National Mint, nor in a Navy Yard, but in the House of God. Be it a stately cathedral, or a wayside chapel, it is before the Tabernacle surmounting the Mass-altar that we assimilate the propaganda of Christ Crucified, and come to enthuse over the words of His apostle, "The foolishness of God is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men."



Guardian Angels

Please give me some information about the guardian angels.—MANCHESTER, N. H.

"In many ways God uses the ministry of angels, especially in His care of men, for to each of them, from the time of his birth, He gives a guardian angel. Our guardian angel protects us, especially in time of temptation. He suggests to us good thoughts; he offers our prayers to God; and he himself prays for us." (*The Catholic Catechism*, Gasparri, p. 76). Our Lord warned His Apostles, "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of My Father who is in heaven" (Matt. 18:10). St. Jerome, commenting on this text says: "Great is the dignity of the human soul, since each one of them has from the very outset of his life an angel deputed to safeguard him." The Paulist Press, 401 West 59 Street, New York, publishes a five-cent pamphlet by Father Husslein, S. J., on the guardian angels, which will provide fuller instruction. There are also several books on the same subject.

Men of Good Will, or Good Will Toward Men

I have always been an aggressive advocate of "Peace on earth to men of good will," as the correct version of the angels' salutation to the shepherds at Christ's birth. I have always considered "good will toward men" a distinctly Protestant version. Imagine my surprise, then, to read on the cover of a well-known Catholic magazine this message phrased as follows: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!" Please clear up this matter for me.—NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Gospel according to Saint Luke, in which the angels' message to the shepherds occurs, was written in Greek. The correct translation turns on the word, *eudokia,* (good will). In some Greek codices it is in the nominative case, *eudokia,* and in others in the genitive, *eudokias.* "Good will toward men" is based on the first; and "to men of good will" on the second. Generally throughout Holy Scripture *eudokia* denotes the good will or favor of God toward men, not men's good will toward God. Father Spencer, O. P., in his translation of the New Testament from the original Greek, translates the passage as follows: "Glory to God in the heights of heaven, and on earth peace to men whom He favors." The Westminster Version (Catholic), also translated from the Greek, puts it this way: "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth among men of His good pleasure." Father Rose. O. P., in his *Gospel According to Saint Luke,* says, "It would seem that *eudokias* is the true reading (Vaticanus, Sinaiticus, Alexandrinus, and Codex Bezae—all of them being ancient manuscripts and representing different churches). The meaning is this: 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth: peace to men (objects of God's) good will.' 'Good will' is a Hebrew concept, the sense of which is very clear. It is not the good will of men, but God's good will, namely, the divine favor of which mankind has just received an incomparable proof in the birth of the Saviour."

It is interesting to note that the translation of the Authorized Version, which is commonly used among Protestants and in secular literature—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," was changed in the Revised Version (Protestant) to read: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased," which is essentially in accord with the translations of many Catholic scholars.

The Sign-Post

Please advise whether you publish the Questions and Answers to the Sign-Post in book form.—BALTIMORE, MD.

They are not available in book form.

Saint Raymund Nonnatus

Please print a brief account of Saint Raymund Nonnatus. Is he the patron saint of widows? Where may one obtain a book of his life and articles of devotion? —BOSTON, MASS.

Saint Raymund Nonnatus is the patron of midwives and of women in labor. This is due, no doubt, to the fact that he was taken from the body of his dead mother, who died in labor. This is the reason, too, of the addition of "Nonnatus" to his name. It means "not born." There does not appear to be any patron of widows, so far as we can discover.

Saint Raymund was born at Portel in Catalonia, Spain, in the year 1204. In his youth he joined the newly instituted order of Our Lady of Mercy for the redemption of captives. He ransomed many Christians from the horrid slavery of the Moors in North Africa. He even gave himself as a hostage to the Moors in order to obtain the ransom of a Christian slave. He endured terrible hardships until his Order succeeded in ransoming him. When he returned to Spain he was received with the utmost veneration and was even raised to the Cardinalate by Pope Gregory IX. This honor did not cause him to change his mortified manner of life in any way. In obedience to the wish of the Pope, who desired to have Raymund near him, he set out for Rome, but he got no farther than Cardona, six miles from Barcelona, where he died at the age of thirty-six. His life was a remarkable example of the Christian precept of love for one's neighbor. His feast day is on August 31. There is a good account of his life in the revised edition of Butler's *Lives of the Saints* (August); also in the *The Catholic Encyclopedia, Vol. XII.* We suggest that you try a Catholic goods store for devotional articles.

Obligations of Godparents

What are the responsibilities assumed by the sponsor or godparent of a baby at Baptism; are they material or spiritual? If a baby loses its parents and is dependent on charity, ought the sponsor to help, or may he allow the baby to be adopted by a rich non-Catholic? —CANADA.

Canon 769 of the Code of Canon Law defines the obligations of godparents at Baptism as follows: "It is the duty of godparents, arising from their office, to regard their spiritual children as their perpetual charges and to instruct them carefully in the obligations of the Christian life, in order that they may show themselves to be what they solemnly promised at their Baptism."

The obligation announced in the canon is a spiritual one, and binds chiefly when the parents neglect or cannot fulfill their duty. But the sponsor ought, at least in charity, on account of the special relationship, do what he can for the material welfare of his godchild, when the parents cannot provide for it. The spiritual good of the child will depend in large measure on its temporal well-being, as in the present instance. The godparent ought to bring the matter to the attention of the pastor of the place, who will arrange to have it placed in suitable Catholic surroundings. The adoption of the child by a non-Catholic will ordinarily constitute a real danger to its Catholic faith.

Scripture Texts: Gnat and Camel; Green and Dry Wood; Reed and Flax

(1) What is the meaning of "blind guides who strain out a gnat and swallow a camel" (Matt. 23:24)? A human being could not possibly swallow a camel; therefore, the expression must refer to something that does not readily meet the eye of a layman. (2) Our Lord's warning to the weeping women, "For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry" (Luke 23:21), is not clear to me. (3) Please explain the sentence, "the bruised reed he shall not break and the smoking flax he shall not extinguish" (Matt. 12:20). —BALTIMORE, MD.

(1) This is a proverbial and hyperbolical expression used to describe a moral attitude that is meticulous in observing the minutiae of the Law, but neglects its cardinal precepts. The context shows that our Lord upbraided the Pharisees for being scrupulous in paying tithes of mint, cummin, and anise, three common herbs, while they failed to observe "mercy, judgment, and faith," which are far more important. This attitude is typical of the Pharisees, both ancient and modern.

(2) The green and dry wood in this warning of Christ is better understood in the light of parallel passages. Thus, St. Peter (I Pet. 4:18) asks, "If the just man shall scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear," when God shall sit in judgment? The just man is like "a tree that is planted near the running waters" (Ps. 1). Such a tree is naturally full of sap and covered with green leaves. The unjust man, conversely, is without sap and leaves. If green wood is made to burn, how much more so dry wood? The meaning of the text is: "If I Who am innocent suffer because of sin (the sins of *others*), what shall be the punishment of those who are really guilty of sin?"

(3) This text, also, is founded on a proverb. A bruised reed is a defective writing pen that men would ordinarily break and throw away as useless; smoking flax is a smoldering wick that fails to give light, and which one is inclined to blow out. These, in the prophecy of Isaias, from which the text is taken, typify miserable, feeble, and poor people, toward whom Jesus would manifest the tenderest mercy. The quiet, humble and meek behavior of Jesus was in sharp contrast to the noisy, proud, and harsh manners of the Pharisees.

Third Woman Beneath Cross: Observance of Dreams

(1) *What is the name of the third woman at the crucifixion, besides our Blessed Mother and Mary Magdalen?* (2) *Could you tell me any logical reason for dreams? I have dreamed and so many things dreamed of have come true, e. g., before President Roosevelt was re-nominated for the third time, I saw him in the White House as re-elected. I have many premonitions as to coming events. Would it be wrong to commercialize this gift, or to tell fortunes by cards?*—PA.

(1) According to St. John (19:25), "There stood by the cross of Jesus, His mother and His mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen." This text has given occasion to various interpretations. Some com-

mentators hold that it includes only three women, and that Mary of Cleophas is the "sister" mentioned. Others maintain that the "sister" is distinct from Mary of Cleophas and is not given a name by St. John. There were other women besides those mentioned in the above text; if not beneath the cross, at least near it. St. Matthew (27:55) and St. Mark (15:40) mention two other women by name—Salome, the mother of the Apostles, James and John; and Mary, the mother of James the Less and Joseph. The "sister" may have been either of these two latter women. Fr. Lagrange, O. P., an eminent biblical authority, first thought that the "sister" was Salome, but later changed his opinion and held that it referred to Mary, the mother of James and Joseph. (*The Passion and Glory of Christ*, Poelzl-Martindale, p. 229; *The Gospel of Jesus Christ*, Lagrange, 11, p. 268).

(2) There are several explanations of dreams—physiological, psychological, and, according to Freud, psycho-analytical. The devil also may cause them. But whatever the explanation in a particular instance, the general rule is that it is superstitious to put our trust in them and guide our conduct by them. The Bible explicitly warns us not "to divine or observe dreams" (Lev. 19:26), "for dreams have deceived many, and they have failed that put their trust in them." (Ecclus. 34:7). God has sometimes communicated His revelation by means of dreams, *e. g.*, to St. Joseph (Matt. 1:20), but when God uses a dream to guide a soul, it is usually accompanied by signs that indicate its supernatural character. If, for example, a man living in adultery were to dream that he was summoned before the judgment of God and condemned to everlasting punishment, and because of the dream went to confession and amended his life, that would very likely be a dream that came from God and which he ought to follow. But the dreams you mention are certainly not supernatural. The same prohibition attaches to directing others by dreams, as to directing one's self. Fortune telling and all other kinds of divination (foretelling the future) are forbidden by God.

Passionist Badge

Would you kindly explain in detail the badge worn by the Passionist Fathers?—MONTREAL.

The Passionist religious wear on their black habits a distinctive badge or "sign", as it is called. It consists of a heart-shaped figure surmounted by a cross. Within the heart is inscribed JESU XPI PASSIO—The Passion of Jesus Christ—in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, the languages used in the title of our Lord's cross. Three nails, representing the nails of the cross, are also included. This sign is not given to the religious until they make their first profession of temporary vows. The priests and clerics wear the sign on both habit and mantle, but the lay brothers wear it on the habit only.

The history of the Passionist "sign" is interesting. Father Pius Devine, C. P. tells the story in his *Life of Saint Paul of the Cross*, the founder of the Congregation of the Passion. "One day in the summer of 1720, St. Paul was returning home, after having been to Communion in the church of the Capuchins, when he had the following vision. He was wrapped up in ecstasy, and saw himself clothed in a long black tunic, with a white cross upon the breast of it, and the Sacred Name of JESUS in white letters written under it. He also perceived one of those interior locutions which mystic saints tell us of, and the voice said:—'This is to signify how pure and spotless ought to be the heart which bears engraven upon it in the Sacred Name of Jesus.' Before the ecstasy ceased, the tunic was presented to him, and he embraced it joyfully. He then felt a burning desire to collect companions and found with the approbation of the Church a congregation to be styled The Poor of Jesus. Shortly after, when engaged in prayer, he saw the Blessed Virgin, who showed to him the same habit, but to the word, JESU, were added XPI PASSIO, which means, the Passion of Jesus Christ.

"Paul wrote out a full account of those visions and gave it to the bishop, who simply looked at it and was silent. The saint began to hesitate a little then, as to whether he might not have been deluded, when the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, in the self-same habit, with the badge upon it, exactly as the Passionists wear it to the present day. She said, 'My son, thou seest that I am clothed in mourning. This is for the sorrowful Passion of my beloved son, Jesus. Thou art thus to be clothed, and thou hast to found a congregation in which the members will be clothed in this wise, and they shall mourn continually for the Passion and Death of my dear Son.' "

The special vocation of the Passionists is to nourish devotion to the Passion of Christ in their own hearts and to propagate it in the hearts of the faithful. To this end they take a fourth vow, in addition to the three usual religious vows.

Indulgences for Altar Service: Beef Extract on Friday: Reading about Preternatural: Sewing on Sunday

(1) Are there indulgences attached to donating flowers for the altar, arranging them, laying out vestments, etc.? (2) May a person take beef, iron, and wine tonic on Friday? (3) Is it wrong to read stories about the preternatural, e.g., ghosts, werewolves, vampires, etc.? (4) If a person works all week, is it wrong to sew and iron on Sunday?—POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

(1) Not that we know of. This does not mean that these services are not good and meritorious.

(2) Yes, as medicine.

(3) Not in itself, but such reading must be judged in the light of the individual, for whom it might be harmful.

(4) In case one does not have time during the week for such things, it would be permitted on Sunday, but in such a manner as to prevent scandal, and for no longer than necessary.

Candy on Fast Day

Would it be permitted to eat peppermint candy on a fast day? I have an unpleasant breath, and I wish to overcome it before entering the confessional.

The candy may be chewed as a medicinal lozenge on a fast day, in order to smother a bad breath. It would appear advisable to consult a physician, so as to attack the cause at its root.

Ecclesiastical Censorship

(1) What is the law of the Church regarding censorship of books, articles, or anything written for publication by a priest, one in minor Orders, or by a layman? (2) Do Catholic magazines and newspapers have their own board of censors, or must all the items printed be censored by the diocesan authorities? (3) Which Ordinary is to give approval, the one of the place where the writer lives, or where the article or book is published?—N. N.

(1) Without previous ecclesiastical approval, it is not allowed to publish the books of Holy Scripture, or annotations and commentaries on the same: books treating of Sacred Scripture, theology, church history, canon law, natural theology, ethics, and other sciences concerning religion and morals. Furthermore, prayer books, pamphlets, and books of devotion, of religious teaching, either moral, ascetic or mystic, and in general any writing in which there is anything that has a special bearing on religion and morality should not be published without ecclesiastical sanction. This law obliges the secular clergy, religious, and the laity. Religious, moreover, must have the previous permission of their major superior. (Canons 1385, 1386).

(2) Catholic magazines and newspapers are also subject to censorship. The secular clergy may not act as editors of newspapers and periodicals without the permission of their Ordinary, and the religious without the permission of their major superior. The Ordinary of the place may appoint the editor of the paper or magazine to act as censor of the material that is published, or he may appoint someone else to act in this capacity. (Canons 1384, 1386).

(3) Permission to publish books, etc., spoken of in Canon 1385, may be given, after previous censorship, by the Ordinary of the author, or of the place where they are printed, or of the place where they are published. The refusal of one of the Ordinaries must be revealed when another Ordinary is approached for permission to publish.

Consecration Outside Mass

Can a priest anywhere or at any time consecrate bread into the Body of Christ, that is, outside the sacrifice of the Mass?—MONTREAL.

According to Canon 817, it is never lawful, even in extreme necessity, to consecrate outside of Mass, nor to consecrate one species without the other. Consecration outside Mass is more probably invalid, as well as gravely unlawful. Our Lord instituted the Sacrament of the Eucharist by way of the Sacrifice of the Eucharist. It is His explicit will that the words of consecration should not be uttered except when they are united with the intention of offering sacrifice, in conformity with the precept, "Do this in commemoration of Me."

The Church, which has the mind of Christ, intends that priests use the words of consecration for one purpose only—to offer sacrifice. In the ordination of a priest the bishop says: "Receive the power to offer sacrifice." Pope Eugenius in his Decree for the Armenians (Denn.-Bann. 896) says: "*Sacerdos in persona Christi loquens conficit sacramentum*—the priest speaking in the person of Christ confects this sacrament." A priest who would attempt to consecrate bread outside of Mass would not speak or act in the person of Christ, nor according to the intention of Church, for the power of consecrating bread and wine is nothing else but the power to offer the sacrifice of the Mass. Consequently, it appears more probable that a priest who would dare to pronounce the words of consecration over the bread in a baker's shop would pronounce them invalidly and also commit a horrible sacrilege. (Prummer, *Theol. Moral*, III, n. 176).

All Baptized Subjects of Catholic Church

Will you please advise whether all baptized are subjects of the Catholic Church?—ASTORIA, N. Y.

All validly baptized persons are *per se* subjects of the Catholic Church, whether they are apostates, heretics, or schismatics. The reason is they possess the basis of subjection to the Church, which is the indelible baptismal character. There is only one true Baptism and only one true Church: "one Lord, one faith, one Baptism" (Eph. 4:5).

Baptized non-Catholics may be compared to unnaturalized citizens in our country. Before they become citizens or formal members of American society, they are subject to State and Federal laws. All the baptized are bound by the Church's laws, unless she either expressly or tacitly exempts them from their application. One instance of this is the exemption of non-Catholics from the form or solemnity of marriage, when they marry among themselves.

Spiritual Relationship

(1) *An unrelated man and woman stand for a child, thereby becoming its godfather and godmother. I have been told that the wife and husband of these godparents automatically become godparents to that child, making two godfathers and two godmothers. Is this correct?* (2) *What relation exists between the godparents and the child's parents, if any?* (3) *If a husband and wife stand for a child, is it true that they are forbidden to share the same bed for forty days afterward?*—BALTIMORE, MD.

(1) According to Canon 768 of the Code of Canon Law, spiritual relationship arises *only* between the minister of Baptism and the person baptized, and between the sponsors (godparents) and the person baptized. This relationship is not multiplied. What you have been told is not correct in the light of Canon Law.

(2) Before the new Canon Law went into effect, May 19, 1918, spiritual relationship as an invalidating impediment to marriage arose from valid Baptism and valid Confirmation, and it existed between (a) the minister of these Sacraments and the person baptized or confirmed; between (b) the minister and the parents of the person; between (c) the sponsors and the baptized or confirmed, and (d) *his parents*. The present law is given under (1). Therefore, there is no longer any spiritual relationship between the godparents and the parents of the baptized.

(3) There is no obligation of this kind imposed on sponsors according to any law.

Catholics and World War

Did American Catholics violate the doctrine of the Catholic Church by taking part in what was for them an unjust war—the so-called World War?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

There are two erroneous assumptions in this question: (1) that Catholic doctrine condemns all war without reservation; (2) that the World War, insofar as the United States was concerned, was an unjust war.

It is pertinent to recall that the Catholic Archbishops of the United States met at the Catholic University on April 18, 1917, twelve days after the declaration of war against Germany, and pledged the loyalty of the clergy and laity of the country to President Wilson in support of the war emergency. That pledge deserves notice. It read, in part, as follows: "Standing firmly upon our solid Catholic tradition and history, from the very foundation of this Nation, we reaffirm in this hour of stress and trial our most sacred and sincere loyalty and patriotism toward our country, our government, and our flag. Moved to the very depths of our hearts by the stirring appeal of the President of the United States, and by the action of our national Congress, we accept whole-heartedly and unreservedly the decree of that legislative authority proclaiming this country to be in a state of war."

President Wilson sent to the Archbishops the following cordial reply: "The very remarkable resolutions unanimously adopted by the Archbishops of the United States at their annual meeting in the Catholic University on April 18 last, a copy of which you were kind enough to send me, warms my heart and makes me very proud, indeed, that men of such large influence should act in so large a sense of patriotism and so admirable a spirit of devotion to our common country."

In view of the above resolution of the Catholic Archbishops, it seems rather strange to ask, if American Catholics violated the Catholic doctrine by participating in the World War.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

SIGNED BOOK REVIEWS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Just a line to express my appreciation of your excellent publication. I hope it will find its way into every Catholic home in our beloved country.

I have, however, a suggestion to make that will give your magazine greater value to librarians. I attended one of the largest and best schools of library science last summer. In a certain course we made a minute examination of various book reviewing magazines. The professor, not a Catholic, mentioned THE SIGN as one of the outstanding Catholic periodicals featuring book reviews regularly. He had one criticism to make. He remarked that the name of the reviewer is withheld in every case. This seemingly small item is of great importance to librarians because we (librarians) like to know who the reviewer is. Reviewers in this way build up a reputation that is not something to be dismissed without consideration. Your reviews are excellent, having the same general characteristics as all the other well-written articles. But their value would be greatly increased if the name of the reviewer were given. This should apply also to the shorter reviews, since many librarians like brief reviews, but not without the contributor's name.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. REV. JOHN W. MEYER, C.S.B.

Editor's Note: We would be glad to hear from our readers on this subject. Do you prefer signed or unsigned reviews? Or is it a matter of indifference to you?

"BABES IN THE HOLLYWOOD"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been reading the short stories in THE SIGN for some time, and have been pleased with the high quality of both the stories and the illustrations. I think you reached a high last month with Brassil Fitzgerald's "Babes in the Hollywood." It is the finest short story I have read in many a moon. It has pathos, but it has more than that. It has something that we need badly in our reading in these days of wars and rumors of wars—humor. While reading "Babes in the Hollywood," I chuckled at times, and then laughed outright, much to the consternation of those near me. They probably thought I was crazy, but I was just enjoying a swell story. Give us more of Brassil Fitzgerald—a lot more.

CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN F. BAYLEY

"INSIDE WASHINGTON"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Dr. Joseph Thorning is to be complimented on another of his very interesting articles on "Inside Washington." His analyses are logical and highly informative. As a secular newspaper man, I feel he far outdistances most of our syndicated columnists from a standpoint of accuracy and right-thinking. I sincerely hope that he may be able to continue his work, and that THE SIGN may continue to produce it.

SCRANTON, PA. LARRY MCDONNELL

ANSWERING MISS PROTHEROE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Just what does Miss Protheroe mean by Ulsterites, in her letter in the January issue of THE SIGN? She tells us that "the mistake made over here by Irishmen is that they regard Ulsterites as Irish"! Does she mean the six counties now under the heel of England's puppet government, or does she mean the nine counties which make up Ulster proper? In either case, I resent her remarks about the Scotch-Irish of the North as a "very objectionable breed of Scot," and I further deny that the Irish of the North are all of the Scotch breed. Were

all the great O'Neils, O'Donnells, and O'Briens of Scotch descent? Besides, wasn't it true of most of the "planted" Scotch and English in Ireland that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves?

I happen to be from Tyrone, one of the counties that is under Ulsterite rule, and I have never found anything but the highest type of Irish and Scotch-Irish in that county as well as in Fermanagh, Armagh, Derry, Down, and Antrim, and in the other three counties of Ulster that went to form the Irish Free State.

I agree with Miss Protheroe, however, when she says that the "Orangeman is a terribly bigoted, low-Church Protestant." Yes, the Orangemen are ignorant and courageously tyrannical, but only because they know that the English are at their backs, ready to jump in and defend them. They still believe (a belief which is the result of the English persecution of Catholics) that they are a superior type of being, and that the Catholics—or, as they were called in my day, the "mere Irish," or the "sans culottes,"—are the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Were the English to withdraw their garrison from the North, these Orange cowards would settle down, be real Irishmen, and be willing to become the equals and not the "superiors" of the "mere Irish." What they want is not fair play, but unfair play and ascendancy.

"Poor England," then, is to blame for Partition and for conditions in the northeast corner of Ulster. Let her get out of there and leave Ireland to the Irish, and then there will be some justification for her purported "defense of small nations."

May I suggest that Miss Protheroe read the article in the same issue (January), entitled "The Case for Ireland," by Reverend Joseph Brusher, S. J.?

BINGHAMTON, N. Y. W. J. MORRIS

ENGLAND AND IRELAND

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reply to Mr. John Murray's letter in the December issue, I would like to say that the conditions existing in Northern Ireland, where "liberty of action" is denied to Catholics, nullifies the argument he advances. England's policy toward Ireland equals Hitler's toward the small countries of Europe. Neither can present-day writers whitewash the cruel, crafty, murderess Elizabeth, who "laid the foundations of modern England." It is well said that England's activities in Ireland, past and present, are a shameful record of bigotry, hypocrisy, and persecution. Britain's exploitations of weaker nations could not be equaled by any power in sheer savageness. Her glory is her shame.

Only twenty years ago poor Ireland was being ravished. Now they are cravenly begging her aid. Today we in America are having a good sample of England's cunning and her greed. Why should America's unemployed be forced to buy ammunition for Britain?

I get fed up with English propaganda in our Catholic press.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA L.A.S.

NATIONAL OR INTERNATIONAL?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

At the suggestion of a friend, an enthusiastic reader of THE SIGN, I recently subscribed to your magazine. The January issue was the first copy to reach me. I was delighted with it. I have for a long time felt the need of a publication that would present an accurate and unbiased view of our troubled world. Now that I have discovered THE SIGN, that need has been filled.

I am wondering why you describe THE SIGN as a "national" Catholic magazine. After reading your January issue, it seems to me that "international" would be more to the point. While the articles by Senator Walsh and Dr. Thorning, as well as the editorials, contained enlightening information on national affairs, excellent coverage was given also to world events. Being Irish, I particularly enjoyed Father Brusher's article in defense of Ireland's position in relation to the present European war. It has long been a source of amazement to me that so many people expect Ireland to sacrifice her sons and her security by rushing to the defense of England—a nation that has for hundreds of years been her cruel oppressor.

Mr. Barrett's article on Dr. Salazar offered refreshing reading in these days when all our newspapers carry accounts of the activities of those godless leaders who direct the affairs of so many nations. Because he has recognized the wisdom and value of Christian teachings and has incorporated them into Portugal's laws, Dr. Salazar has been more successful in his efforts on behalf of his country than those dictators who place all their faith in their own puny strength.

PITTSBURGH, PA. THERESA QUINN

TAXATION BY MISREPRESENTATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your editorial in Current Fact and Comment of the January issue, you approved of the objective of Secretary Morgenthau to seek power "to put an end to all tax exempt bonds." I was pleased to see that you took this attitude because you believed that this would aid national defense, and not because of the smart propaganda on the part of the Treasury Department in picking out one millionaire sunning himself in Palm Beach and enjoying a tax-free income from government bonds. Treasury releases of this kind are merely smoke screens and may be easily dissipated if the Federal Estate Tax Records are reviewed.

Before dealing with the question of national defense, it might be well to consider that the opposition to the Treasury proposal does not come from these so-called Florida millionaires, but rather from state and municipal officials throughout the country who defeated the proposal in the last Congress and who are prepared to continue their vigorous opposition in the present session. The Conference on State Defense, the United States Conference of Mayors, the American Municipal Association, the National Association of Attorneys General, and the Municipal Finance Officers Association, among others, are deeply convinced that the proposal of the Treasury Department to tax state and municipal bonds would jeopardize the general welfare of their communities through increased cost of local government, and therefore increased real estate taxes, and would not benefit the nation as a whole. No question has been raised as to the constitutional propriety of a federal tax on income from federal bonds, but there is a decided opposition to the attempt of the Federal

Government to usurp the sovereign power of the States to dictate their own financial policies.

Far from contributing to national defense, the reciprocal taxation of government securities would produce exactly the reverse effect, because (1) higher interest rates on proposed new national defense issues alone might well add 100 million dollars annually to the cost of such financing—enough each year to build a new battleship and cruiser; (2) the Treasury itself admits that the taxation of future issues of state and municipal securities would not produce any substantial revenue for a period of from twenty to forty years; (3) federal taxation of municipal securities would interfere with that vital co-operation of the municipalities in the national defense effort which is so necessary to every phase of national defense.

It was conservatively estimated at hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee that if the Government could tax the income on our local bonds, the cost of financing would be increased by over $6.00 a year in interest charges for every thousand dollars borrowed.

Where will the money come from, if not from increased real estate taxes on the home-owner?

NEW YORK, N. Y. WILLIAM DOBBY, JR.

OBJECTIONABLE FILMS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reading your "Stage and Screen" department, I note in the review of *Boom Town* that some of your reviewer's remarks coincide with my views on the films becoming careless again. I have noticed that in two or three recent pictures there have been questionable situations and that the women's clothing is quite indecent. The leading woman in one of the most objectionable pictures I have seen recently is reputedly a Catholic. It astonished me that she would consent to wear such indecent clothing.

There are so many beautiful and educational subjects that could be presented on the screen that it is a pity we have to suffer these shallow pictures. I objected to the films that were being shown to children in this vicinity on Saturdays, and that situation has been more or less rectified.

AMAGANSETT, N. Y. FRANCES A. BELL

APPRECIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have often intended writing to tell you how much I appreciate the well-rounded publication you are giving us.

It has been a "regular" in our house for the past three years, and I think that during 1940 you have surpassed even your own high standards.

I like particularly the monthly contributions of Katherine Burton and Jerry Cotter. Both are so refreshingly intelligent in their approach to their subjects. Mrs. Burton, thankfully, makes no pretense of talking down to her readers, and she impresses me as being completely honest, swayed neither by passion nor prejudice.

I have enjoyed every one of Mr. Cotter's articles, made so interesting by his bright and readable style of writing. I have found myself viewing movies in an entirely different light—and only yesterday was able to discuss the merits of the Saroyan play, *Time of Your Life*, and to give a few reasons why he is a most over-publicized writer. Catholics living far from centers of Catholic Action must benefit by THE SIGN's wealth of information each month.

Your book reviews, editorials, and mission news, are all excellent and readable. The best of everything in 1941!

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA H. WILKENS

ITALIAN POPES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The question in the October issue of THE SIGN: "Why have most of the Popes been Italians?" is asked so frequently that I thought you would be interested in publishing the following quotation from Cardinal O'Connell's book, *Recollections of Seventy Years.*

He writes: "I think the Roman prelates, and they alone, by a miracle of God's grace, are the only ones capable of undergoing day in and day out the wearying routine without the slightest sign of irritability or fatigue. During my life in Rome I had plenty of occasion to witness this utter supernatural and superhuman attitude in the performance of their duty, and to me the wonder grew how anyone knowing the burden of their lives could ever desire to be in their places. The hermit in his cell is allowed the luxury of peace with his solitude, but the life of an official of the Roman Curia, so little understood and so little appreciated, deserves an eternal reward for its self-sacrifice and complete self-abnegation. With little genial companionship and literally no recreation, he devotes himself entirely to the service of the Church of God."

HAMILTON, ONT. CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

E.W., New York, N.Y; M.J.S.H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; E.N., Dayton, Ohio; M. H. Gloucester, N.J.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

A.L.P., Dayton, Ohio; P.L.B., Medford, Mass.; C.S., Dushore, Pa.; Infant Jesus, A.M.D., Erie, Pa.; St. Anthony, D.R., Brooklyn, New York; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, M.A.D., Trenton, N.J.; St. Gabriel, C.K., New York, N.Y.; St. Joseph, R.M.H., Long Island City, N.Y.; St. Christopher, T. W., Quincy, Ill.; Blessed Mother, K.O.C., New York, N.Y.; Blessed Mother E.A. D., Williston Park, L.I.; Souls in Purgatory, G.A.G., Yonkers, N.Y.; A. McC., Baltimore, Md.; St. Gemma and St. Gabriel, M.J.S.H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Blessed Mother, E.N., Dayton, Ohio; Our Lady of Lourdes, P.D.B., Alliance, Ohio; Sacred Heart, M.McC., East Milton, Mass.; St. Paul of the Cross, E.T., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sacred Heart, M.W.O., Ilion, N.Y.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, C.T.W., Narberth, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, D.J.McG., Lowell, Mass.; Blessed Mother, N.H.E., Quincy, Mass.; St. Gemma, A.McC., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Francis Xavier, Our Lady of Victories, N.J.B., Dorchester, Mass.; Blessed Mother, M.F.P., St. Albans, L.I.; St. Joseph, M.T., Sewickley, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.T.J., Jersey City, N.J.; Blessed Mother, M.M.W., Troy, N.Y.; M.B.E., St. Petersburg, Fla.; M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; A.W.A., Newark, N.J.; A.M.S., Brooklyn, N.Y.; M.C.V.S., Belmont, Mass.



They were all a little wary of the idea, but she won them over

THE WIDOW *takes a ride*

JAMES FRANCIS BONNELL

IT WAS her own fault, the widow admitted. For, though she was there daily for the five o'clock Mass at Saint Margaret's, the Widow O'Doul couldn't resist staying a step ahead of Father Shea.

When he said *"Ite, Missa est,"* she was blessing herself, and by the time he reached the prayer to Holy Michael, Archangel, she was out on the steps. And there was a bullet whizzing through her hat and parting her hair crosswise.

She found herself swooped up a moment later, in strong young arms, and deposited in the rear seat of a car that purred at the curb. And, a moment after that, spinning down the street at a pace she wouldn't have believed possible, and told to "keep yer mouth shut, gran'maw!"

It was not till later that she knew the young men whose arms pinned her tight were Joe and Butch, members of Frankie the Gyp's mob, and detailed to guard against any emergency. The Widow was the emergency; had become such by emerging from the Church of Saint Margaret two minutes before she was expected (for Frankie laid his plans carefully) and thus spoiling the mob's determination that no one should see who it was that robbed the bank across the street from the church.

The Widow sat tight while the car rolled along, taking stock of her situation. The late Mr. O'Doul, who was a cop, and a good one, had told her, always: "Take stock of your danger. Don't buck it, like a goat into a stone wall. Look to see isn't there a chink big enough for you to go through, or a springboard strong enough to hoist you over."

She thought on his words now, and looked for the chink or the springboard. But she didn't find them.

Suddenly the young man in the front seat turned toward her.

"What's the idea buttin' in on us like that, huh?"

The Widow gave him her shy little smile. "I'm sorry," she said. "Truly I am. I don't welcome bullets sliding along my scalp. If I'd known you'd hired out all rights to the street for the day, I'd have stayed inside the church, truly I would. I do have a little prayin' that could stand takin' care of."

Frankie the Gyp laughed and the other two, as though at a signal, joined him. The driver turned the car into a dirt road, and drove a quarter of a mile, till they were out of sight of the main highway.

"I was running out of things to pray for, anyway." Her voice was calm, even, as though she had been talking to Mrs. McCarthy in the next yard. Its calmness amazed the men in the car with her; and, if truth be told, amazed the Widow herself a little.

"You see," she said, smiling at them, "there's always the conversion of the heathen, and I try to help there with my prayers. But it's a little indefinite. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I look forward to meetin' a few Chinese I helped haul through the portals of Heaven. But I always think I can do better when I have somebody definite; somebody I can picture to myself as I pray. Like—" She hesitated, and her voice trailed off.

"Like what?" The question came from Frankie the Gyp.

"Well," the Widow said slowly, letting each word sink in, "I might pray for you and the likes of you. I would feel akin to Christ when He prayed for His enemies. But this way —it's sort of funny this way, isn't it?"

They all looked at her. There was a question in the eyes of each of them.

"You see," she said, "if you killed me, there would be murder also on your souls; and you would have destroyed the one person who was willing to try to cleanse them of lesser crimes by prayer. That's why I said it was sort of funny."

Butch gave a snort of disgust.

"C'mon, Frankie. Stow the holy stuff, an' let's git rid of the dame."

"Shut up!" Frankie ordered. His voice carried the ring of authority, and there was a further quality in it the Widow had not heard before.

"When I want help," Frankie said, "I'll ask for it. Until then, shut up." Butch and Joe shut up.

"Lissen, Grandma, I may be soft. I used to hear that stuff years ago an' I believed in it. I'm gonna shoot square; don't ask me why. I just ain't goin' to kill no old lady who happened to be goin' by when we was doin' a job. But I won't stand for no funny stuff, understand?"

The Widow knew when to be smart. "No funny stuff, Frankie," she said.

"Okay," Frankie said, and, to the young man named Joe:

"Git out the blinders."

Joe started to remonstrate, but thought better of it. He drew a mask, with no holes for eyes in it, from his pocket, slipped it over the Widow O'Doul's head.

"You're comin' with us, Grandma," Frankie said. "We'll keep you there till we make a break, an' then leave you. It won't be all the comforts o' home, but it will be better than bein' dead." He was trying, the Widow thought, to get the hardness back into his voice again, and she smiled quietly to herself.



The late Mr. O'Doul was a cop, and a good one

The car was still on the dirt road; she could feel that. When it came to a halt the young men beside her sprang out, and Frankie said brusquely: "Come on, Grandma." He gripped her arm firmly and steered her across rutted ground, covered with uncut grass to a flight of steps —twelve steps—that led upward to a porch.

Frankie steered her inside and forced her firmly but gently down into a chair. His hands fumbled with the mask, removed it, and slipped it inside his pocket.

It took some moments for her eyes to become used to the sudden light; when they did, she realized she was in a large, square room of what seemed to be an old-fashioned farmhouse. The furniture was neat, though far from new; in one wall of the room, a huge fireplace was built, and Joe was bent before this now, getting a fire started.

Frankie said:

"Grandma, this is home to you for a while. It ain't the latest, but it's better than a ditch, which is where you was headed for. Remember, no funny business."

"Of course, Frankie," the Widow O'Doul said. She gave him her sweetest smile.

"I want you to know, Frankie, that I realize what you've done in not bumping me off. It was sweet of you, and the Lord will bless you for it."

Frankie went all red, and from the direction of the kneeling Joe by the fireplace, a definite snicker could be heard.

Frankie said:

"Can 'at stuff, Grandma," and turned away.

"But I mean it. For you, and for your—for your companions, also. If there's anything I can do—but of course there is!"

"What's that?" Frankie whirled back toward her.

"I can cook. If you're going to be here for several days, you'll all have to eat. I can make the meals more pleasant."

They were all a little wary of the idea, but she won them over. They might have had some idea, she supposed, that she intended to poison them; and that amused her. The Widow O'Doul had had no traffic with poisons, and wouldn't have known the first thing about using them; especially after, as she had surmised they would, they forced her to eat the first, and a large one at that, helping of everything she prepared.

They stayed in the farmhouse for nearly a week. No one came near

them; no one bothered them at all. By means of news reports and police calls on their high-powered radio they kept track of the search that was being made for them, and after a few days it seemed to have petered out. They never thought, it appeared, of what might happen because of the absence of the Widow O'Doul; whether her relatives or friends would make a search, and if the police mightn't put two and two together, since she was seen last in Saint Margaret's and it was the bank across from Saint Margaret's that had been robbed.

But there they were-fortunate. The Widow O'Doul had no kin and few kith; and those of the latter who thought about her in those few days carried their thoughts no further than a casual wonder about where she was, and each of them decided she was probably spending those days with one of the others and would no doubt turn up in good time.

The Widow herself enjoyed the time she spent in the farmhouse. She made no effort to escape, and they grew a little lenient in their watching of her. Frankie was the boss, and they all knew it, and, naturally enough, it was upon Frankie that she centered her efforts. When Saturday night came, she said to Frankie:

"Have I played fair with you?"

"Sure, Grandma. Has anybody been sayin' you ain't?"

"No, Frankie." She might have been a mother talking to him calmly in their own front parlor; the mother, perhaps, that he had never known, and whose lack had been a prime force driving him to this.

"No, Frankie," she said. "But I want you to do something for me."

"Anythin' reasonable, Grandma. Don't ask me to give up to the cops, or anyth—"

"No, Frankie. Not that. But tomorrow is Sunday; and tomorrow I want to go to Mass."

"Don't be silly, Grandma. You want us to—"

"All right, Frankie. I just thought I'd ask. Forget it."

She said it that way, short, terse, simple; because she knew he wouldn't forget it. She didn't insist on it, she didn't belabor the point. She made her request and when it was refused, she said no more about it. She knew, inside her, that Frankie wouldn't sleep very easy that night, if he slept easy any night; and she wasn't in the least surprised when, the next morning after breakfast, he said, gruffly:

"Dust yourself off, Grandma. You're goin' to church."

"Frankie!" she exclaimed. "I knew you'd—"

"Cut it out, Grandma. Skinny will drive you in, and Joe and Butch will have a gun on yuh every minute you're inside. No funny stuff, Grandma, or it's curtains for me. I don't know why I'm sucker enough to pull somethin' like this, but I—"

"You're not a sucker, Frankie," she said. She took his hand, held it for a swift instant before he yanked it away. "You're being a man, Frankie. The man you could be if—"

"Skip it," Frankie said, taking back his hand. "Hurry up; Slim's waitin'."

Slim was waiting when she went out the door; Joe and Butch were waiting, too. They were in an ugly mood, all three of them, and the one voice of authority they recognized was the automatic that stood stiffly in Frankie's hand.

"To church," Frankie said. "I'm still runnin' this racket, an' if I say Grandma goes to church, she goes."

It was the most unusual Mass she'd ever attended. The Mass was the same, of course; eternally the unbloody Sacrifice, and she entered into it as she always had, when at home in her own Saint Margaret's. But the knowledge that somewhere behind her, with guns in their pockets, were Butch and Joe, waiting for the least suspicious move, lent a sense of unreality to it.

THEY were waiting when she returned to the car at the place agreed upon, two blocks from the church, but they paid hardly any attention to her. They seemed to have been thrashing out some problem of their own, and to have settled it. All the way back toward the farmhouse they were silent.

They stopped at the side road that led to the house. Mike said:

"You get out here, Grandma. It ain't such a tough hike that you can't make it. Give our regards to Frankie, an' tell him when he gets another screwy idea like takin' care of an old lady instead of bumpin' her off right, to get himself some screwballs to go in with him on it. We're leavin'."

Frankie was on the porch waiting for her. His gun was in his hand, but he pocketed it when he realized that she was alone.

"Them rats!" Frankie said. "Where did they—"

The Widow O'Doul was almost out of breath entirely from climbing the steps. But she had enough left to say:

"They sent their regards. They didn't like the idea of you taking care of an old lady, instead of bumping her off. They thought—"

"I know what they thought," Frankie said. His voice was surly, but there was nothing of hate in his eyes. He said:

"Come on in, Grandma. We got to decide what's goin' to happen next. To think I'd ever get into a mess like this one!"

He stopped. He didn't want to ask the next question; she could see it. But he couldn't help himself. She smiled, and tried to make it easier; and when he did blurt it out, she knew the battle was over.

"How was—how was the Mass, Grandma?" he asked.

They stayed inside for some time; and then the Widow O'Doul came out alone, carrying a small black bag that held forty-three-thousand dollars, the amount of the Bank's loss. She went down the road to the main highway, whose three hundred yards seemed again like so many inches, and she waited for and caught the bus that ran back to town. She made up her terms as she rode along.

There isn't much more to the story. The President of the bank was first amused, and then amazed, that Sunday afternoon, when the Widow O'Doul came to see him and returned to him the forty-three thousand dollars the bank had lost in the holdup. But because he was interested primarily in the recovery of the money, and because he had by that time given his word to the Widow O'Doul, there wasn't much he could do, or for that matter, wanted to do, about it.

And so, if he smiled knowingly now and again, as he went to open up his bank of a morning, at the Widow O'Doul and the young man named Frankie who came from Mass with her at Saint Margaret's and crossed the street to start work as a watchman at the bank, what business was it of anyone's, except possibly his and hers?

CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF OTHERS

Evading The Censor

• WRITING *on "How News Is Censored" in the "Saturday Evening Post," Joe Alex Morris describes some of the means used by ingenious correspondents:*

Another evasion was possible because of a lucky circumstance, involving Arthur Menken, New York photographer and reporter, who was evacuated from the Norwegian port of Namsos by British warships under heavy bombardment. A few weeks after Namsos, an American correspondent in London discovered that the Allied expedition also was being withdrawn from Narvik, thus surrendering Norway to the Germans. The censor refused to approve the story, but a little later the following routine message went to New York: "Our correspondent at Narvik is quitting the same way Menken did."

Since Menken had not quit, the New York cable editor understood what had happened. The British withdrawal was confirmed four days later.

Such evasions of censorship are the exception, however. The most favorable time for evasion of censorship comes in the midst of a governmental crisis, as during the siege of Warsaw or the flight of the French government from Paris. One American reporter, Edward W. Beattie, Jr., got through such uncensored information as the German armies closed in on the Polish capital.

The outside world still believed that the Polish armies might make a strong stand along the River Vistula, but Beattie knew—and so did the few other American reporters still in Warsaw—that such a hope was false. They knew it because the Polish government had fled from Warsaw. After vainly trying to get the information approved for transmission, Beattie waited until a new censor came on duty, and then sent the following message: "Unable to get answer to your inquiry. Took your query to Foreign Office for answer, but nobody available. Nobody around Air Ministry either. Also War Ministry and premier's office." Beattie's messages enabled the United Press to reveal the flight of the government twenty-four hours before it was officially admitted.

An American correspondent also managed to slip an important dispatch past the censor at Barcelona near the close of the Spanish civil war—when it was definitely dangerous business to evade military regulations. The Spanish Republican leaders had left Barcelona as the Franco armies hammered a path through the mountains. But the censor prohibited mention of the flight.

One American correspondent got official approval for a 1000-word story to be telephoned to London. The call went through. The correspondent, with the censor listening in, read the story in a singsong voice. It was as dull a story as could be imagined and the reading was cruelly monotonous, especially to a censor worried by the thunder of enemy artillery. After about 800 words, the correspondent, without a change in his voice, suddenly deviated from the prepared text of the story as follows:

". . . the left wing was reported holding up well throughout the day the big shots have scrammed from here and it was said by a usually well-informed but necessarily anonymous source that the military . . ."

The American desk man in London picked up the reference to "big shots" scramming, wisely refrained from asking any questions, and flashed the news.

Paying For War

• AN IDEA *applicable to the present war is provided by the "Tablet" of London:*

Of all the belligerents of history, one of the wisest was a certain Dey of Algiers at the end of the seventeenth century. Louis XIV, who was at war with him, sent a fleet to bombard Algiers, which it did at great expense, but with little result. Hearing afterward that this expedition had cost twenty-five million francs, the Dey was very properly shocked, and sent a message to the Grand Monarque that if he had only been told, he would gladly have burnt the whole town down for half the sum. "If only," he added, "each side burnt its own towns, no end of money would be saved, and there would be no reason why the war should not go on forever."

Are Cooks Getting Lazy?

• JOSEPHINE MACDONALD, *in her interesting home page in "Columbia," asks and answers the question, "Are cooks getting lazy?":*

"Are Cooks Getting Lazy?" asks a headline in a Sunday newspaper feature section. The weep below the headline concerns our national approach to an unvaried, cross-country menu of Ham an', Roast Beef, and Roast Lamb with Mint Sauce, because of the disappearance of dishes once indigenous to certain regions.

The weeper, it seems, hoped to be served pepper pot in Philadelphia, lobster in Bar Harbor, whitefish on the shores of Lake Erie, clam chowder in New Bedford, beans and brownbread in Boston, scrapple in Pennsylvania, and creole food in New Orleans. But he got consommé in Philadelphia, canned salmon at Bar Harbor, lamb chops in Boston, and the only place he could find creole food in New Orleans was in a restaurant run by a couple of Northern girls. He got fish in the famous meat countries of the west where his mouth watered for steak, and in Florida, prunes were at his place for breakfast when he had anticipated orange juice fresh from the grove. Seeking to place the blame for such a sad state of affairs, the traveling

epicure laid it all onto cooks. "They're too lazy to think," he said.

Now, mister! . . . We don't like that.

From where we sit—we who have been slaving over cook stoves since Adam lit the first fire for Eve—the picture looks quite different. It is the diners who are too lazy to think. It is they who have lost all sense of adventure in the realm of food.

A cook's job is to satisfy a demand. If a home cook fails to satisfy the demands of the majority who sit around her table, she gets complaints. If a restaurant cook fails to comply with the desires of a majority, he goes into bankruptcy. Obviously, sensible cooks avoid either mishap. There is no point in working one's self into a lather preparing a dish that nobody—or almost nobody—wants.

Barter Economy

• *A story current among German businessmen illustrates the workings of the barter economy. From "Beyond German Victory," by Helen Hill and Herbert Agar:*

It is said that some South Sea natives told the president of the Reichsbank that they wished to trade with Germany, and that they had a large stock of Kauri shells.

"Fine," said the president. "We are delighted to trade with you. First you must exchange your shells for Fiji canoes. Then trade the canoes for Iceland moss. Trade the moss for Chinese dog hair, and the dog hair for Japanese napkins. Trade the napkins for Argentine flaxseed. Germany needs flaxseed, and in return for it we'll give you a first-class planetarium. We hope you enjoy it."

Mules and Men

• THE FOLLOWING *philosophical address to a mule was contributed by a friend:*

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule drawing a plow. Said the man to the mule: "Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass, and I am a man, made in the image of God. Yet, here we work, hitched up together year in and year out. I often wonder if you work for me, or if I work for you. Verily, I think it a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work as hard as you. Plowing, we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. I, therefore, do twice as much work per leg as you do. Soon, we'll be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop is harvested, I give one third to the landlord, one third goes to you and the balance is mine. You consume all of your portion except the cobs, while I divide mine among seven children, six hens, two ducks, and a banker. If we both need shoes, you get 'em. Bill, you are getting the best of me. Is it fair for a mule, the son of a jackass, to swindle a man, a lord of creation, out of his subsistence? Why, you only plow and help cultivate the ground and I must cut, shock, and husk the corn, while you look over the pasture fence and hee-haw at me. And during fall and most of winter the whole family picks cotton to help raise the money to pay the taxes and buy new harnesses and pay interest on the mortgage on you. What do you care about the mortgage? I even have to do the worrying about the mortgage on your tough, ungrateful hide. About the only time I am better than you is on election day, for I can vote and you can't. And after the election I realize that I was fully as great a jackass as your papa. And that isn't all, Bill. When you are dead, that's supposed to be the end of you. But me? The parson tells me when I die I gotta go to Hell yet, unless I do just as he says. And most of what he says keeps me from getting any kick outa life. Tell me, Bill, considering these things, how can you keep a straight face and look so dumb and solemn?"

Radio Quizzes

• THE POPULARITY *of radio quizzes is a peculiarly American phenomenon. From "Living and Leisure" in the "New York Times Magazine":*

The unconquerable urge of a considerable proportion of the American populace to display its ignorance over a nation-wide hookup is one of the most mysterious phenomena of our time. It is comparable only to those little animals who insist on swimming out to sea and drowning themselves en masse. However, there seem to be more and more quiz programs, with more and more people appearing on them.

Listening to these broadcasts at home is well enough in its way, but most people suffer from a good deal of curiosity about these lambs going to their self-imposed slaughter. It is an experience to get some tickets and actually see the broadcast taking place.

Some of it is pretty peculiar. On one quiz program an announcer comes out and explains that when he raises his hand he wants the studio audience to chatter "just like children in a school room," and when he wriggles his fingers he wants quiet. Everybody politely does as he asks.

The contestants look calm or sheepish, or completely unhappy. There is generally one self-possessed man who doesn't know anything much but makes a lot of wisecracks at which the studio audience is encouraged to laugh hysterically. There is also usually one little Miss Smartypants who knows everything and doesn't make a spectacle of herself by giggling. The women in the audience view her with approbation.

The one drawback, though, is to know the answer to some relatively simple question that baffles the contestant. At home one can shriek triumphantly—"Louis XIV," or "1776," but a studio audience is supposed to keep its trap shut, unless given specific instructions to the contrary. The contestants suffer from feeling stupid, but that is as nothing to the pain of feeling smart and not being able to let anyone know about it.

Concerning Speech

• THE ADVANTAGES *and disadvantages of speech are summarized by Gustav Eckstein in "Harper's":*

Think what speech has done for man. It has given him the earth. Report of a small invention in Chicago is printed in a Tokyo newspaper; in that way it becomes added to a small invention made in Tokyo, to another made in London, to another in Rome, and an airplane in consequence is accelerated fifty miles an hour. On Thursday last a discovery is completed in

the Rockefeller Institute, is telephoned to Shanghai, and on the following Tuesday in consequence a life is saved in China. . . .

Moral quality also comes out of speech. Without speech no religion. Without speech no philosophy. No science. No art. No Shakespeare. No voting. No daily newspaper. No stock market quotation. No propaganda. No war. To be sure, a day may come when man will go back into silence again and be no less great on that account, think more, bear his own company better, settle his problems more honestly and more wisely. Feelings in such a man might stay with him longer than ours do with us, not so quickly escape in sound.

Paying Our Bills

• THE PAYING *habits of the American people are described by Mona Gardner in the "Atlantic":*

Weather affects our paying habits, geography still more so, and nationality the most of all. And, no matter who we are or where, we are apt to pay the first two or three bills that come in and stuff the others in a drawer. That's why so many stores close their books on the twenty-seventh of the month. They want their bill in your mailbox early on the morning of the first.

If we are Swedish, say, or Norwegian, and we live up around the Great Lakes, around Minneapolis or St. Paul, we pay on the button. We are almost fanatical about paying a bill the day it is presented. Credit managers in this area know a bill mailed on the thirty-first will materialize into a payment-in-full check on the second. If we are Chinese, English, or Scotch, we are just as meticulous. If we are Jewish, we may argue and postpone and ask for reductions. If we are Italian, we are the slowest and most uncertain to pay of all.

In northern climates, straight across the country, check writing is not regarded as a chore. As we go south it seems to become an exertion: the farther south, the greater the exertion. In Texas, Alabama, Kentucky, Virginia, or the Carolinas our checks are just as good *eventually* as northern checks are. But *eventually* means three months, or four months, afterwards, and a "By God, suh, how dare you remind me of that bill!"

A New Wonder Child

• A NEW *product of science which apparently has unlimited possibilities is described by Dorothy Walker and Amy Schaeffer in the "American Magazine":*

Wood and milk, beans and old neckties, oat hulls and coal—mix these together with a chemist's abracadabra and you get plastics, those mysterious new materials that have created a $500,000,000 industry and have produced more than 20,000 useful modern products.

If billiards hadn't been invented, or if there had been more elephants, you might never have heard of plastics. About 70 years ago billiard-ball makers, desperate because of an ivory shortage, offered a $10,000 prize for the best ivory substitute.

That made John W. Hyatt, a young Albany printer, prick up his ears and set to work. He didn't win the prize, but he stumbled across something better. He mixed nitric and citric acid with cotton shreds, added flour of camphor and a dash of alcohol. He found that this mess, when heated, became a viscous stuff that could be molded under pressure and would keep its new shape indefinitely.

Thus was born the first plastic. Trade-named "Celluloid," it was made into 25,000 products, from collars to piano keys, and made a fortune for Hyatt. More important, it set off a chain of explosions that today, faster than ever before, are revolutionizing American life and industry.

Today plastics are a mushrooming business, a brash, tough youngster, elbowing wood, metal, and stone out of their venerable places in our civilization. Scarcely a day passes without some manufacturer's waking up to find that plastics have muscled in on his territory, forcing him to revamp his processes or go out of business. But, in general, industry is hailing plastics as substances with unlimited uses. And for you, the public, the rising flood of plastics means better and cheaper products.

Strangely enough, no two chemists can agree on an exact definition of this wonder child. Plastics can be made of almost anything: dried blood, carbolic acid, soy beans, skim milk, coal, air and even salt. The resulting mass must be moldable, and, when molded, must keep its shape and be impervious to rust, frost, heat, warpage, and virtually anything else.

There are four major kinds: First, vegetable plastics, of which celluloid was first and cellophane now the best known. Powdered wood or cotton linters form their base. Second, animal plastics, principally made of casein from milk. Third, mineral plastics, usually from coal or petroleum; they include artificial silk and artificial rubber. Fourth and latest, plastics made from only air and gas. Chief of these is plaskon, which comes in 6,000 different color shades and is often only one-third the weight of the material it displaces.

License Plates

• *Information on the American craze for distinctive license plates is given by Jay Bennett in the "American Magazine":*

Each December thousands of motorists, convinced that everyone will take them for big shots if they can get such-and-such a plate, let their imaginations go full rein in their requests for special numbers.

For example: The postmaster at Kaukauna, Wis., asked for and received plate number 1875, the date of his birth. A New England governor has 1914, his college graduation date. A justice of the peace was given 995, signifying a $5 fine and $4.95 court costs, his usual fine for speeders.

A Midwesterner named Ole Lee asked for plate number 337,370. That had the registry office stumped until a smart stenographer held the number upside down and saw that it spelled out his name.

The demand for special numbers and special initials is an annual headache and a needless expense to the licensing authorities in every state. Last year, for instance, New York had 110,000 requests for distinctive tags and California had 25,000. With an eye to profit, Maine has solved the whole problem neatly by imposing a service charge of $1 on motorists who receive special plates. It's one way to cut down on costs.



Characters of the Inquisition

By WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

Poetry was once the forte of William Thomas Walsh. But since he has turned his hand to biography in such excellent studies as *Philip the Second, Isabella of Spain,* and now in *Characters of the Inquisition,* we hope he will stick to the biographer's last. All of his biographical studies so far have dealt with historical figures which needed elucidation from the Catholic point of view. The personages involved have suffered most unjustly from Protestant prejudice. It is high time that someone with Mr. Walsh's scholarship and literary ability should present to our modern world a true picture of these characters and the times in which they lived. That he has done so in his present work no impartial critic can deny.

The best criterion of an institution is the men of whom it is composed. The medieval Inquisitors have been condemned and vilified left and right by authors who have had no conception whatsoever of the cause which they served and sought to justify. Mr. Walsh's book makes plain and intelligible the principles at stake and in the light of modern developments those principles were just as valid and defensible eight centuries ago as they are today.

He tells us quite candidly in his "Foreword" that the complete and absolute truth about so vast and complicated a subject is impossible in a study such as he proposes to submit. "All I attempt . . ." he says, "is to discuss a few characters through whom the Inquisition is revealed at various critical stages, and to suggest some important considerations that have been generally overlooked."

What seems to us the most important of these "important" considerations is the fact that Freemasonry was the agent responsible for the suppression of the Inquisition in its medieval form, thus giving rise in a complicated but very real manner to the greatest evils Western Christian Civilization has ever known: Communism and Fascism.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. $3.00.

Theatre for Tomorrow

Edited by EMMET LAVERY

The misconception of true social drama has long been one of the major faults of our contemporary theater. Emmet Lavery and the publishers are to be congratulated for bringing to the attention of the reading public this group of plays glorifying three of the foremost social reformers and heroes in the history of the Church.

Kamiano by Emmet Lavery and Grace Murphy is a forceful play built around the many sacrifices and labors of Father Damien of Molokai.

Savonarola by Father Urban Nagle makes no attempt to take sides in the everlasting controversy raging around the fiery Fra Savonarola. It is an absorbing drama, ideal material for use by the dramatic societies of men's colleges. Father Nagle succeeds in impressing on the reader, as he undoubtedly will on audiences, the tremendous zeal and sincerity which motivated Savonarola.

The final play of the collection, *Who Ride on White Horses,* comes from the campus of Fordham University. Richard Breen and Harry Schnibbe, students in Lavery's Workshop class, wrote the history of courageous Campion and his inspired labors in the England of Reformation days. The young playwrights reveal a distinct talent for the drama that should be carefully nurtured and developed.

Of the three plays, "Kamiano" is perhaps the most successful in meeting the demands of the professional stage. In form and development it is a well-rounded drama offering excellent opportunity for unusual characterization. Given the proper staging and direction it should prove popular with all audiences.

Left wing groups in the theater believe that they possess the only key to social progress in the drama. Their tracts revolve endlessly around the subject of man's relation to his fellow human beings, with the inevitable resulting injustices. The Catholic tradition in the drama carries the idea of social justice to its logical source and end—man's relation to his God.

There is a splendid chapter of reference and bibliography.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.00

Western Democrat

By ARTHUR F. MULLEN

Western Democrat is a posthumous book, the autobiography of a Canadian immigrant of Irish descent, who early in life moved to Nebraska, turned to law as a profession and to politics as a hobby. The purpose of the book is thus stated by its author: "I will try to set down the political needs and records and hopes of this country through the story of one Westerner, myself, in the arena of our country's life. . . . It will be the story of the struggle for livelihood, for law, for order, for civil and religious liberties. It will be the story of the fight for economic freedom through political action."

Following this plan the story tells of the battle for a livelihood against the forces of nature in the West, and the struggle for religious and civil liberties against the domination and prejudice of men and institutions. The contests are physical on the ranches, legal in the courts, political in the various Democratic Conventions. The greatest personal victory for the writer occurred before the Supreme Court of the United States when he won the first case in favor of the parents' right to the private education of their children.

We shall be pleased to fill your book orders

Mr. Mullen relates his influence in the nomination of Franklin D. Roosevelt at Chicago in 1932, and his work in the organization of the West to support the Democratic candidate. However, four years later he thought everything was not so bright. He is critical of the President although he attributes to him good works, and always good intentions. Rather he rebukes his advisers.

The book is both western and national. It will interest those who follow the fortunes of the Democratic party. It will fulfill the desires of the author if it contributes even in small measure to the decentralization of governmental power.

Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York. $3.50

The Second Empire

By OCTAVE AUBRY

Translated by Arthur Livingston

The reign of Louis Napoleon presents the spectacle of a vacillating, hybrid foreign policy. It was a stupid policy that rested when it should have acted. It was an inept policy that totally isolated France from Europe. It was a contradictory policy that was wont to nourish the very children it disliked. On the eve of the Franco-Prussian War this policy had so helplessly weakened France and destroyed her prestige that Thiers could cryptically epitomize it before a sorry French Legislature with the words: "There is no mistake left for us to make!" The shade of Thiers must have haunted the Chamber of Deputies this past decade!

Louis Napoleon made many mistakes. The greatest was his deceptive neutrality during the Austro-Prussian War. Had he acted, he could have dictated the terms of peace. Probably, he could have established a German Confederation that would have excluded both Austria and Prussia. The importance of such a move has twice received dramatic patency—at Sedan in 1870, and at Sedan in 1940! Louis' neutrality in 1866 established Prussia as the dominant nation in continental Europe.

"The Second Empire" has been called "an extraordinary experiment in revival and imitation." Louis had the same stage and set as did the first Napoleon. He had the same play. But he could not interpret the lines nor carry the action While he had the desire, yet he lacked the ability to wield the sword and sceptre of his uncle. The redeeming feature of Louis' reign was his domestic policy. On the whole, it was socially and economically enlightened.

The author needs no recommendation. He is perhaps the last word on Napoleonic history. The translator gives his usual smooth and readable text.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. $5.00

Sapphira and the Slave Girl

By WILLA CATHER

Miss Cather's latest novel deals with the relation between slave and master in pre-Civil War days. The scene is old Virginia, and the principal actors are Nancy, a beautiful and virtuous mulatto slave girl, and Sapphira, her mistress, proud of her ancestry but subtly revengeful. One finishes the book with far more respect for Nancy than for Sapphira. The means by which she endeavors to seek vengeance on Nancy for a supposed wrong is diabolical and heartless. She fails because of Nancy's inherent virtue and the help of Sapphira's own daughter, who contrives to smuggle Nancy out of Virginia to the North.

This book is very revealing. The theme is both moving and dramatic, and its many characters are treated with the sensitiveness and imagination of a keen psychologist. Without endeavoring to be a reformer or a sentimentalist, the author has helped to elevate our appreciation of a down-trodden race.

Alfred A. Knopf Co., New York. $2.50

The Flying Priest Over the Arctic

By PAUL SCHULTE

One turns in glad relief these days to an airplane story not concerned with death from the sky. Here is a tale of stark heroism, heroism unknown and unsung; and of heroes who never even dream of regarding themselves as such.

Father Schulte, an Oblate Father who learned about planes during the

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SHEED & WARD'S
CORNER

If you have that February feeling—old and tired and full of aches—here is the perfect remedy: a new book by Leonard Feeney, S. J.

SURVIVAL TILL SEVENTEEN

Some Portraits of Early Ideas

You have probably never seen the portrait of an idea, and certainly not of such ideas as these about the corner-grocer, Sunday evenings in the Feeney family, the Chinese laundryman opposite, the Little Mosquito or the Imagination Guy. As delightfully deep and deeply delightful as FISH ON FRIDAY ($1.50) and YOU'D BETTER COME QUIETLY ($2.00), even Father Feeney never before wrote anything quite like SURVIVAL TILL SEVENTEEN, in which he renews his youth—and yours. **$1.50**

We have read many books about Life on the Farm, but HOLDING UP THE HILLS, by Leo Ward, is the first and only one to seem real. It gives you the people, the landscape, the work and the play, the whole life of the author's native Nebraska as it was when he was a boy and as it is now. His best-selling GOD IN AN IRISH KITCHEN ($2.50) showed what an Irish-American can find in Ireland; HOLDING UP THE HILLS ($2.50) shows what Americans have found in America.

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Do You Know About Our Christmas Club For Christ?

IT'S a Penny-a-Day Club, to help our Passionist Missionaries in China to bring the light of Faith and the love of God to thousands of pagan souls. A penny might not seem like much to you. Yet if you put one away each day, it will amount to quite a bit by the end of the year.

So many people use the Christmas Club idea to make sure that when Christmas comes around, they will have something that will make Christmas merry. That's my idea, too. A Christmas Club that will help to put Christ in China. A Christmas Club for the Christ-Child that will help to put Him in the hearts of Chinese children.

This is a way to save pennies, not for toys and mufflers and all kinds of pretty presents; but for medicine, for rice and for little orphans' shoes. You'll be saving for the Christ-Child's Christmas in 1941. A good investment in a grand bank with the assurance of rich dividends in the way of graces and blessings for you and yours to make your Christmas happy, too.

For a Penny-a-Day you can be a member. Send us your name and address and we will send you a Penny-a-Day mite box for your convenience in saving. Address to:

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first World War, tells us how he dedicated his flier's talents to bringing spiritual and material succor to the missionaries and people of the frozen Arctic. He takes us on his numerous flights, treats us to all the thrills of air travel in the Northland, and gives us the inside story of missionary life in a field called by Pius XI "the poorest, the most isolated, and the hardest missions of the world."

The story is simply, yet charmingly told, with no attempt at dramatizing situations taken quite for granted by missionaries to the Eskimo. Some excellent photography and a good map illuminate the text.

For anyone concerned with the progress of Catholic missions (and what Catholic should not be?) Father Schulte's book makes absorbing and profitable reading.

Harper and Bros., New York. $2.75

When the Sorghum Was High

By JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.

Without heroics or sentimentality, Fr. Considine presents the biography of a life charged with drama and human appeal. It is the story of Fr. Gerard Donovan, missionary of Maryknoll. The apostolic tradition of the Church, as taken up and carried on by Maryknoll, is personalized in the life work of this young American priest.

It is the American way to smile at seriousness, and to deprive grave things of their gravity. Jerry Donovan did this consistently. His boyishness stayed with him through arduous student days, yet did not impede him from becoming a learned and zealous priest. In the professor's chair, he was still "Father Jerry." When the "Field Afar" opened its paths to him, his young heart had the man-sized courage required to walk into its perils and loneliness.

Fr. Donovan had time to place the imprint of his apostolic feet deeply in China's pagan wilderness, before bandits captured him, and brutally took his life. Others can confidently follow in his steps, encouraged by his happy ways, strengthened by his glorious bravery.

Fr. Considine's clear and understanding portrayal will be treasured by all who admire the holy daring of the Catholic foreign missionary of today.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.00

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With Love and Irony

By LIN YUTANG

In the opening paragraph of *With Love and Irony,* Lin Yutang remarks that "one is tempted nowadays to reflect on the white man, because the spectacle of present-day Europe is thought-provoking." He asks why Europe is in such a state, because "where human events are in a mess, the human beings must be at fault."

I would follow his example and ask that we reflect for a moment on the writings of the present day. I would say that where modern literature is so discursive of things that could be left unsaid, that not only the lives of the all-revealing writers must be at fault, but also the lives of their too enthusiastic readers.

Lin Yutang writes with amazing facility, presents an astounding number of facts and observations, paints some brilliant word pictures, particularly in his description of Peking. There is doubt that besides entertaining his readers, he advances their progress.

We ask if the repair of a flush toilet has any place in literature, even to enhance realism. We fear Lin Yutang feels that the cesspools of human behavior require as much prying into as the intricacies of modern plumbing.

John Day Company, New York. $2.75

The Bright Pavilions

By HUGH WALPOLE

This is a historical novel with the scene laid in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. As is to be expected from the theater of its action, it is a tale of intrigue, of brutality, of unsatisfied ambition, and of abiding hatreds.

The story centers around Nicholas Herries, the kindly, carefree giant; Robin, his brother, idealist and dreamer; and Philip Irvine, vain and handsome.

The author, well known to the reading public, treats his subjects with great creative imagination. Yet withal he writes, as is the fashion of some writers of today, with an easy familiarity with sex and all its sordid relations. It is a tale of a thousand immodesties, flagrantly and unblushingly uttered, on nearly every page. Despite his fairness to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, to Blessed Edmund Campion, and the Catholic

Martyrs, and his dislike for the hypocritical Puritans, we cannot recommend the book to our readers because of its many indelicacies.

Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. $2.50

The Love of God

By DOM AELRED GRAHAM, O.S.B.

The learned Benedictine who offers us the present book succeeds in making intelligible and attractive the first and greatest of our duties—to love God. His work is neither primarily devotional nor technically theological, but it does offer to the ordinary educated reader a clear and beautiful explanation of the Christian life, as rooted in and inspired by the love of Him who created and redeemed us.

Dom Aelred is an ardent and profound student of St. Thomas, and his book offers us a fine example of the rich harvest of wisdom to be gathered by such study. The present work is not a mere tissue of quotations, nor a dazzling collection of profound but poorly assimilated ideas. It is the evident result of a thorough and individual thinking out of those truths whose expression merited for St. Thomas the title of Common Doctor of the Church.

In the treatment of his general subject, Dom Aelred makes many comments on particular questions of Catholic interest which strike the reviewer as being especially happy. For instance, in treating of the Liturgy, while fully appreciating its sublime value and beauty, as we should expect a son of St. Benedict to do, he points out that a merely external approach to liturgy may be the occasion of pedantry and spiritual snobbery. He mildly points out, too, that certain writers on Christian marriage have allowed themselves to indulge in certain sentimental exaggerations. Treating, moreover, of the great mystery of the Body of Christ, Dom Aelred offers some of the best clarifications we have seen. In short, his book, while avoiding the discouraging prolixity and obscurity of some writers on spiritual subjects, impresses us as a really solid, well-balanced and readable explanation of what our spiritual life may be.

Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50

Shorter Notes

SPEAK UP FOR DEMOCRACY

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

For the defense of democracy it is not enough to provide an adequate army and navy; it is also necessary to explain the true value of the democratic ideal and to show that this ideal is well worth defending. Mr. Bernays not only brings out the benefits of our democracy in contrast to the dictator-controlled countries, but he also provides a practical plan on how to defend and propagate the democratic theory among others. The book, which is published in magazine form, covers a wide field and is very well done.

Viking Press, New York. $1.00

PAGEANT OF ADVENTURE

By LOWELL THOMAS

Pageant of Adventure, Lowell Thomas' latest book, is a compilation of two hundred stories selected from thousands of unusual tales collected from all corners of the globe by the author. Included in the two hundred are deeds of daring on land, sea, and in the air; escapades and intrigues of criminals, spies, and diplomats; animal adventures; and the heroic actions of plain, every-day people. For purposes of order and convenience, the book is divided into

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This book is a commentary on the Encyclicals on Marriage and Christian Education. Divided into eight chapters, it might well serve priests engaged in a course of sermons on the Sacrament of Marriage.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. $1.35

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a disturbed world, it is reassuring to come upon a book of real merit. Such is the present volume. It is made up of six radio talks which expound Catholic doctrine on the roots of evil that lead to war.

Msgr. Sheen here speaks the mind of the Pope. Using large quotations from the utterances of the present Pontiff and his predecessor, Pius XI, their thoughts are so intermingled as to make but one message of vital interest. The argument goes to the roots of the matter. In the light of the examination turned upon it, he comes to the question why God allows war and his answer is at once convincing and terrifying. There is more substance between the covers of this small book than is to be found in tons of the literature offered to the reading public in solution of the causes and the cure of present-day world evils.

Sheed & Ward, New York. $1.00

Brief Mention

ST. DOMINIC, By Mary Fabyan Windeatt
The Rosary Press, Somerset, Ohio $.10
This is the only pamphlet biography available these days on the founder of the Order of Friars Preachers. In 32 pages the author describes the career of this saintly man of the thirteenth century who, with St. Francis of Assisi, sent his mendicant friars to all parts of Europe to spread the Word of God. The booklet also contains a brief treatment of the foundation of the secular Third Order of St. Dominic, and should be of particular interest to Dominican Tertiaries.

A READING LIST FOR CATHOLICS
The America Press, New York $.25
The same reasons that prompted the National Catholic Library Association to sponsor a National Catholic Book Week inspired the compilation of this booklet, viz., to provide the average Catholic layman with an "authoritative list of books, which would be classed and annotated, and which might be used as a guide to both recreative and instructive reading."

KNIGHT OF CHRIST, by J. E. Moffatt, S.J.
Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. $1.75
This is the second in a series of Ignatian Meditations. The complete series will embrace all the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," each book being devoted to one week of the Exercises. In the author's own words, the meditations were written for the purpose of "awakening a greater spirit of Christian devotion to Christ, showing us our duty of co-operating with Him in advancing His cause on earth."

SAINT MARY MAGDALEN, by Vincent McNabb, O.P.
Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London. 3s6d
The author was prompted to write this little book on St. Mary Magdalen by his conviction that "the woman whom the King was minded to honor is too undeniably linked with the planned actions of the Redeemer to be ignored by all who see in the circumstances of today only a world to be redeemed."

PARVULUS. Collected poems by Sydney E. Jerrold
Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London. 5s
Sydney E. Jerrold, author of this book of poems, was better known as Mother Marie Christopher of the Order of the Assumption. She died last year. In the words of her brother, Douglas Jerrold, well-known English writer, in his introduction to the book: "These poems are the whole of a mind disciplined in the practice of supernatural virtues."

CAPTIVE FLAMES, by Monsignor Ronald Knox
Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London. 5s
This is a collection of panegyrical sermons by Monsignor Knox. All except three of the sermons concern Saints. Among the Saints portrayed are St. Cecelia, St. Dominic, St. Thomas More, St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Bernadette. The other three are Roger Bacon, King Henry the Sixth, and G. K. Chesterton.

STREETS IN NAZARETH, by Rev. Gerald M. C. Fitzgerald, C.S.C.
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National Catholic Alumni Federation, New York
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Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50
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OUR TREMBLING EARTH, by Joseph Lynch, S.J.
Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.00
Father Lynch's book concerning the activities of himself and his fellow-workers in the famous earthquake station at Fordham University makes engrossing reading.

HOMEWARD BOUND, by Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J.
Joseph F. Wagner, New York. $1.75
Homeward Bound is a collection of stories which offer an interesting view of a cross-section of our modern society. The stories concern a great variety of characters: pugilists, criminals, stockbrokers, and even a young priest. They are dramatic, and finely written.

DAYS OF DANGER
St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society, St. Columban's, Nebraska. $.15
The publishers describe this booklet as "an unofficial diary of missionary life during thirteen months of the Sino-Japanese war." The writer is Sister M. Leonard Redmond.

THEIR HEARTS ARE HIS GARDEN, by Sister Mary Marguerite, C.S.J.
St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. $.50
This paper-covered book contains a group of short stories for children, written for the purpose of fostering and sustaining in the child "habits of thinking and acting as a child of God."

MEDICAL FACILITIES FOR THE COLORED IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, by Paul J. Taggart
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He becomes sad, that He may merit gladness for us; He is overwhelmed with afflictions, that we may be consoled;—and where is the compassion that we have for Him in this His bitter anguish?

Ah, most sweet Saviour! how is it that I see Thy glorious soul subject to fear, sadness, and dread? O goodness! O Charity! When Thou dost suffer for me, nothing appears too much to Thee. Thou wouldst give me to understand how much Thou lovest me that I, in return, may love Thee, be grateful to Thee, and sympathize with Thee; but how shall I be able to sympathize with Thy interior pains if I do not understand them? Do Thou enlighten my understanding, which is so weak; give strength to the desires that I have to follow Thee and imitate Thee with tender affections of love in all Thy sorrowful mysteries.

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For the Month of January 1941

Masses Heard	6,586
Holy Communions	4,493
Visits to B. Sacrament	11,764
Spiritual Communions	28,022
Benediction Services	2,882
Sacrifices, Sufferings	13,803
Stations of the Cross	2,857
Visits to the Crucifix	9,585
Beads of the Five Wounds	2,214
Offerings of PP. Blood	17,680
Visits to Our Lady	9,820
Rosaries	10,667
Beads of the Seven Dolors	2,166
Ejaculatory Prayers	330,353
Hours of Study, Reading	3,754
Hours of Labor	11,463
Acts of Charity and Zeal	30,053
Prayers, Devotions	202,878
Hours of Silence	13,531
Various Works	113,293

Restrain Not Grace From the Dead

(Ecclus. 7:37)

Kindly remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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Mother Alexandrine Jackson
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Sr. M. Anthony (Noble)
Sr. M. Petronilla (Stibolitzki)
Sr. M. Placida (O'Neil)
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May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.
—Amen.

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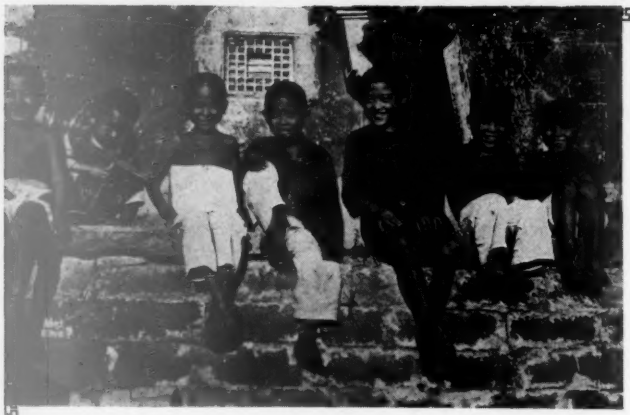
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Sat on a wall,
And when the planes came,
He had a great fall

All the King's horses And all the King's men
Couldn't put - - - -

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